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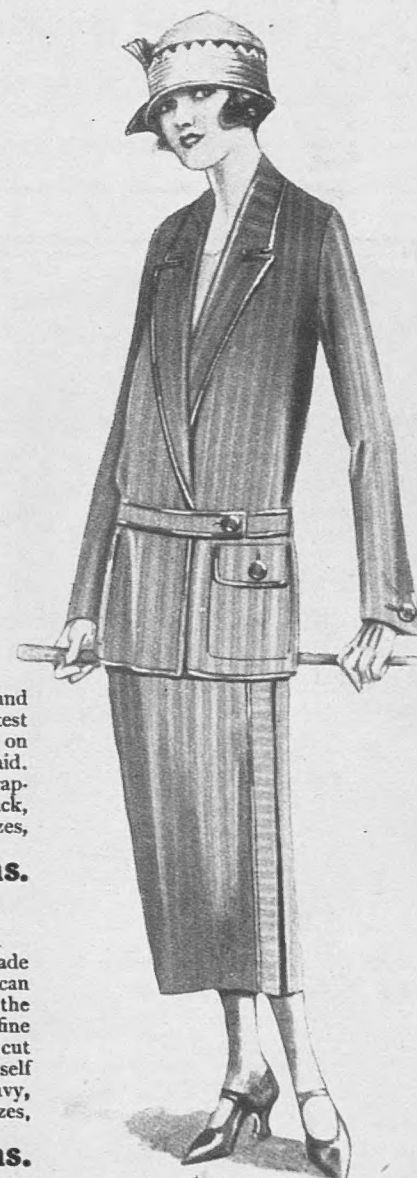
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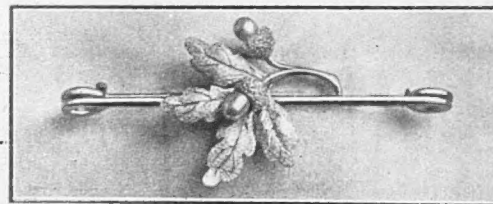
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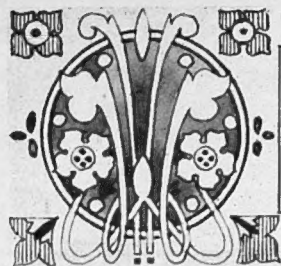
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# THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1626—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



## A BEAUTIFUL BOHEMIAN OF SCOTTISH DESCENT: COUNTESS INA BUBNA.

Countess Ina Bubna is the beautiful daughter of the Countess Bubna, who has a seat in Ross-shire, and is a member of the ancient Bohemian family of von Bubna, while, on the distaff side, she is of Scottish descent. She is a clever artist, and has

been studying at the Slade School for the last three years. She exhibited a portrait last year at the International Students' Exhibition. Her mother, Countess Bubna, is well known in literary circles and had a play produced recently at the Everyman Theatre.

*Photograph by Lewis.*



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## TO-DAY'S TALK ON ITALY WITHOUT A GUIDE.

IF there is one thing I hate more than a guide-book it is a guide. People who walk about with a guide-book in hand never really see anything. They have their poor, silly noses glued to the book.

People who walk about after a guide never see anything, either. They have their poor, silly eyes and ears glued to the guide.

All guide-books are far too long. All guides talk far too much.

Up to the moment of writing, I have managed to see something of Turin, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Florence without the aid of any guide-book or guide. The consequence is that I have noted points of interest in all these places to which my attention has never been directed by any traveller from Italy.

Begin with Turin. The first human being to come under my notice at Turin was a young man dressed as follows: Perfectly new patent-leather boots. *Item*, one pair of perfectly new white spats. *Item*, one pair of perfectly creased and pressed trousers. *Item*, one perfectly new overcoat, exquisitely waisted, and fastened with two buttons. (No Italian young man will ever be seen in an overcoat with more than two buttons.) *Item*, one new silk tie with pearl scarf-tin. *Item*, one grey felt hat slightly pinched in on either side. *Item*, one perfectly new pair of grey gloves. *Item*, one gold-mounted cane.

I thought to myself, "Oh, this is quite clearly the Torino dude." Not at all. Just round the corner I met three more Torino exquisites, all dressed in a similar fashion. And then more. And then quite a crowd. And the day was Monday, and not a feast day.

Now, did any guide-book ever tell you that the gentlemen in Turin dressed like that? Did any guide-book ever tell you that *all* the men in Italy are fashionably dressed, whilst *all* the Italian women are content to go comparatively dowdy? Well, it is true, but it is not the sort of thing you would notice with your nose glued to a guide-book or your eyes and ears to a guide.

We go to Rome. Travellers from Italy—I mean our distinguished novelists and people of that sort—had led me to believe that Rome was a very gracious, quiet, sedate city, where the temperature was always genial, and where aristocratic Roman and English families spent a sedate, aristocratic, mildly gay winter.

Nothing of the sort. Rome is Manchester in an antique frame. The frame, I grant you, is very beautiful and genuinely antique,

but that does not alter the fact that modern Rome is a business city—business first, business last, and business all the time.

No guide would ever tell you that. A guide would steer you away from the Piazza Colonna, which is the heart of modern Rome. He would take you in a *fiacre*, or an automobile, or a motor-bus to those vile things, the Catacombs, where you would linger for hours in the company of certain monkish gentlemen who badly miss the Baths of Caracalla.

I had one glance at the monks and returned to my *fiacre*. Had I been in the company of a guide, nothing would have saved me from the Catacombs. Heavens, what an escape!

Nor is Rome "gay." Italy, in fact, is not "gay" in the sense that France is gay. Italy is a very serious, a very respectable, and a very hard-working country. In Italy the banks open at nine and keep open until seven. The whole of Italy is working to put itself right after the war. The Italians are very admirable in their determination to put their house in order. And they will do it. The pertinacity with which they extract money from the visitor is wholly admirable—from their point of view.

Which brings me to another aspect of Italy which you will not find in the guide-books. Journalists and others have led you to believe that Italy at the present moment is cheap for the English and the

American by reason of the difference in the exchange. I have heard non-veracious travellers say—why *must* people who travel a little tell lies about their travels?—that "you can live for next to nothing in Italy, because you get a hundred lire for your sovereign."

Rubbish. Italy is very charming, very attractive, very interesting, well worth visiting—but it is not cheap.

Let me tell you. You get to your hotel and you ask for a room. You are told that the price of the room will be 120 lire per night. You do a rapid sum in your head, and come to the conclusion that twenty-five shillings per night is not so bad. A little more than you had expected to pay, but not so bad as compared with the best hotels in England and America.

You take the room. When you get your bill you find that the 120 lire is backed up by a charge of 16 lire per night for *chauffage*. *Item*, 15 per cent. on the total amount of your bill for service. *Item*, 8 per cent. *taxe de luxe*. *Item*, 20 lire for riding in the hotel omnibus from the station, and another 20 for returning to the station in the same vehicle. *Item*, 2½ lire "Sojourn Tax" per person per day. Add your meals, your travelling, your wine, your little presents for loved ones far away, and your sight-seeing—well, Italy is not so "cheap" as it has been painted.

But, after all, why should it be? There is only one Italy, and it is not the "season" all the year round. Italy wants money, and she is getting it. If the National Debt is not considerably reduced by the time I leave, I shall have a question asked in the Senate.

Go to Italy, therefore, but put a lot of money in your purse. You will then have great fun in watching the little lire fly.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE FIRST WOMAN DIPLOMAT: Mlle. NADEJDA STANCIOFF, AND SIR ALEXANDER K. MUIR.

The marriage of Mlle. Nadejda Stancioff, eldest daughter of the Bulgarian Minister, to Sir Alexander K. Muir, Bart., of Blair Drummond and Deanston, was celebrated last week at the Brompton Oratory, and Sir Alexander and Lady Muir left London later in the day for Paris, on the way to Italy, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride is a distinguished figure in the diplomatic world, as she has attended most of the European conferences since 1919, and roused much admiration by her work as an interpreter and political secretary. She was appointed First Secretary to the Bulgarian Legation in Washington, and is thus the first woman to hold a diplomatic appointment.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

It was raining when I arrived in Rome. It was raining when I left Rome. Everybody in Rome, including the cabmen, was wearing a fur coat.

I do not wish to imply that in Rome it always rains, or that it is always cold. I merely wish to destroy this false impression created by the distinguished novelists who feel bound to perpetuate the traditions about Italy that they inherited from their fore-runners.



# Putting the Leap in "Leap Year": Dancers and "Webbers."



MISS ALBERTA FAUST.



MISS MARGARET SLOAN.



MISS THELMA KAY.



MISS FLORENCE KOLINSKY.



MISS DOROTHY ELLIS



MISS RUTH ZACKEY.



MISS CHARLOTTE SUDDATH.



MISS CATHERINE GALLINORE.



MISS MARGARET LANGHORN.

The eighteen Gertrude Hoffman Girls from America who are now to be seen at the London Hippodrome in "Leap Year," the new revue, may be said to put much of the "leap" into the production, for their wonderful dancing, and their acrobatic performance on webbing, which is one of the scenes in the entertainment, are

tremendously attractive. The Hoffman Girls are, in fact, one of the "hits" of the latest revue, and are a clever and attractive "bunch." Our page shows nine of the eighteen girls; and it will be observed that they are all bobbed or shingled, some wearing their hair in sleek straight style, and others in tricky curls and waves.

Photographs by Ira L. Hill.

# Steeplechasing, College Sports, and Fox-Hunting.



AT THE WYE STEEPLECHASE MEETING:  
MISS LUCIA TRAVERS.



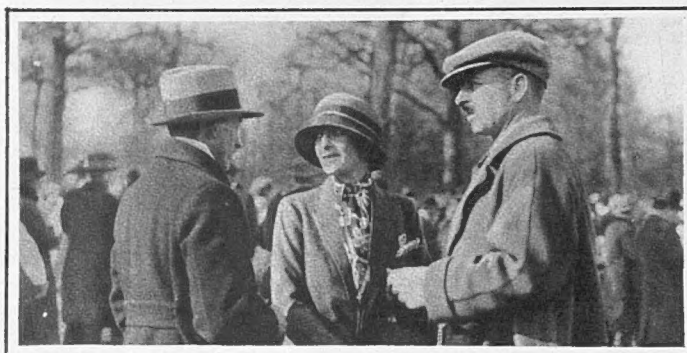
THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SPORTS AT CIRENCESTER:  
MAJ. J. R. MULLINGS, MISS BAILLIE, MRS. R. MULLINGS,  
AND MISS V. MARSHALL.



AT THE CIRENCESTER AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE SPORTS: COUNTESS BATHURST.



THE V.W.H. (EARL BATHURST'S) MEET AT KEMBLE:  
MISS MACLAYAN, MISS TUBBS, AND MISS WESTMACOTT.



AT THE WYE STEEPLECHASE MEETING: COLONEL BLACKER  
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. WALL.



IN THE PADDOCK AT THE WYE MEETING: MR. ROLAND GWYNNE,  
MISS POWNEY, AND MR. E. H. TATTERSALL.

The Wye Steeplechase Meeting took place last week, and was well attended. Many distinguished people appeared at the Royal

Agricultural College Sports at Cirencester, including Earl and Countess Bathurst. Earl Bathurst is the Master of the V.W.H. (Cirencester).

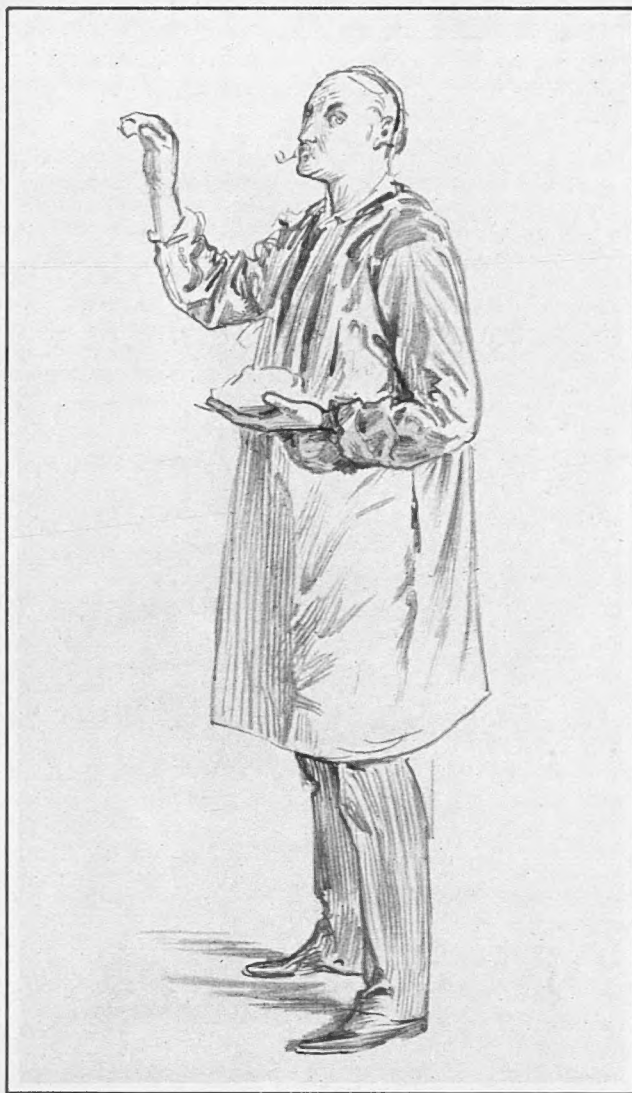
Photographs by Alfieri, S. and G. and Dennis Moss.



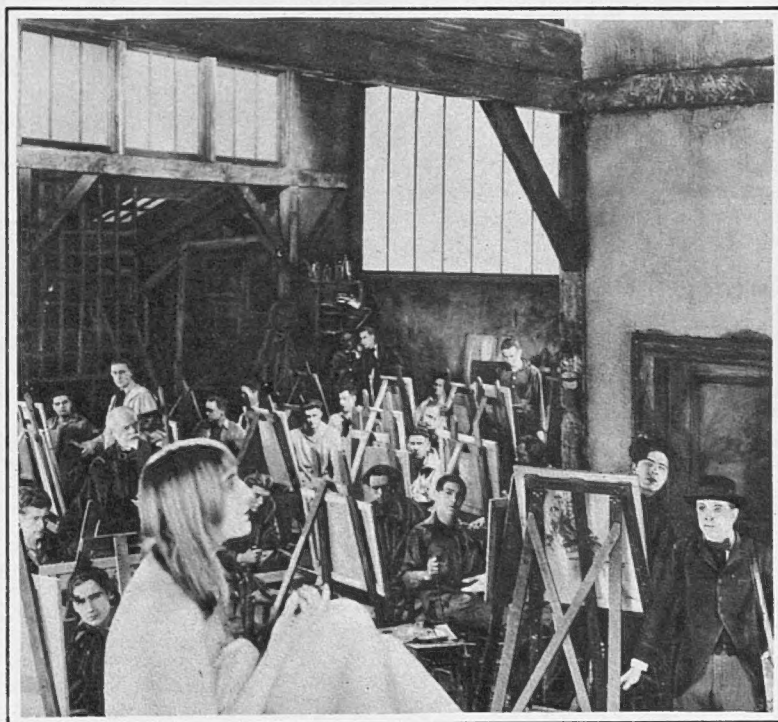
# Du Maurier's Trilby—and Her Feet: Screened and Drawn.



TRILBY AND HER WONDERFUL FEET AS GEORGE DU MAURIER DREW HER: AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THE ARTIST-AUTHOR.



DURIEN, THE SCULPTOR: ONE OF GEORGE DU MAURIER'S STUDIES FOR HIS ILLUSTRATIONS TO HIS OWN BOOK.



THE SCREEN TRILBY SITTING TO THE STUDENTS: Mlle. ANDRÉE LAFAYETTE—SELECTED BY SIR GERALD DU MAURIER TO PLAY THE RÔLE.



TRILBY IN THE POWER OF SVENGALI: A SCENE FROM THE PICTURE TO BE SHOWN TO-MORROW (THE 27TH), AT COVENT GARDEN.

Special interest attaches to this page, as it shows two sketches of the famous Trilby by her creator, George du Maurier (who wrote and illustrated the classic novel of life in the Latin Quarter in Paris in the 'eighties), as well as two photographs of the picture version of the story, which features Mlle. Andrée Lafayette, the screen actress whom Sir Gerald du Maurier helped to

*Trilby*  
*Studio for Trilby sitting to Durien*  
*John Maurier*

select for the part. The drawings are the property of Miss Viola Tree, who kindly lent them to "The Sketch" for reproduction. She herself took the rôle of Trilby on the stage; and, of course, Svengali was one of the famous parts played by Sir Herbert Tree. The First National Picture version is being given for the first time at the Silver Crusade matinée at Covent Garden.

# MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WHAT a gay week we have enjoyed in town, with dances, musical parties, new plays, and spring sunshine to make us feel specially gay, and the outdoor delights of Sandown to round it all off healthfully—for our lungs, if not for our bank balances! Even those of us who are not going to join house-parties for the National this week needn't feel out of it, either, for the arrangements for going to Aintree for the day are so perfect that a good many people prefer to make just a single day's jaunt of the National.

But we must keep to London festivities for the moment. Dancing has been our chief preoccupation of late, and the other Monday was a full evening, for several balls took place that night. The Netherlands Minister is a particularly genial host, and everyone always enjoys parties given by him and Mme. van Swinderen, so 32, Green Street was the scene of one of the most delightful dances of the pre-Easter season. Mme. van Swinderen attended to the details of her dinner-party herself—a fact which, perhaps, accounts for its success—and was out shopping in the morning, accompanied by her daughter, who looked particularly well at the dance in her pale-pink embroidered frock.

For their own pre-dance dinner-party, the Netherlands Minister and his wife had three round tables arranged in the dining-room, with bowls of pink tulips and delicate-coloured spring flowers to adorn them. Though it was chiefly a "débutantes' evening," with such "new" young girls as Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, and other "buds" among the guests, there were distinguished adults in the company, too, for the Belgian Ambassador and his wife accompanied their daughter; and Lord and Lady Cromer, Lord Cavan, Lady Arran, and other well-known folk were among the guests, while the young dancing men included Lord Suirdale, Lord Bective, Mr. Derek Johnstone, Mr. Dominick Browne, and Sir Anthony Weldon.

One of the most energetic hostesses of the last few days has been Lady (George) Lewis, who not only gave a dance at the beginning of last week—on the same night as Mme. van Swinderen, to be precise—but a musical party at the end of the week. To begin with the ball, it was a merry, youthful affair, and the rooms were filled with the scent of lovely spring flowers—yellow and mauve—which had come from the gardens of The Grange, Rottingdean, the

country home of Sir George and Lady Lewis. It is a fine old Queen Anne house, with a beautiful, "well-matured" garden, which is the envy of many people.

Lady Lewis, in draped black georgette, was assisted in her hostess duties by her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, in a frock of the favourite pale-green of the moment; while her married sister, Mrs. Richard Jessel,

looked really lovely in a dress of cyclamen crêpe—the unusual pink shade which is one of the latest favourites. Mrs. Cyril Asquith was in blue and silver; and her tall, slight sister, Miss Betty Pollock, was wrapped round in one of the popular shawls—of brightest green. Lady Erleigh was one of the very smart dancers, and everyone was admiring her dress and curious flower hair-wreath to match.

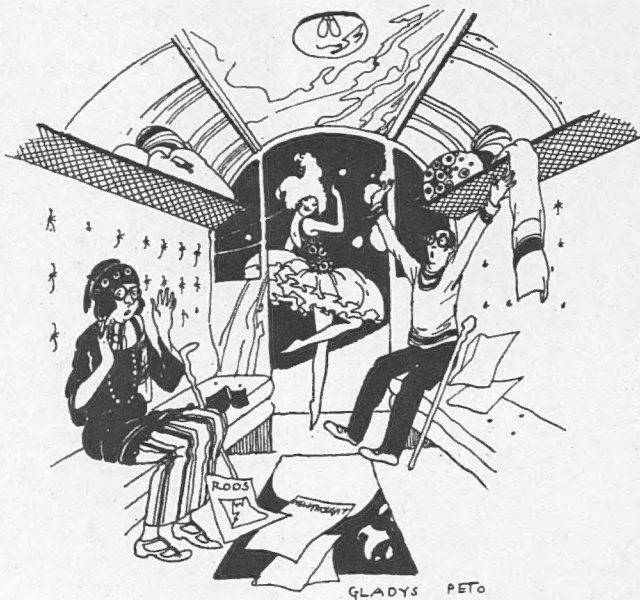
Friday's party was a real treat for music-lovers, as Arthur Rubinstein played; and though Lady Lewis's house isn't large, it is well arranged for entertaining, and made a charming setting for the *musique intime* which appeals to one most of all. The programme one, as Chopin and the modern Spanish composers shared the honours, and the invited guests included Lord and Lady Carisbrooke, the Duke of Marlborough, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness and her daughter Meraud, and many other real music-lovers.

Only a few doors further on, in Montagu Square, there have been other "good" musical evenings of late—that is, at the Beresford Melvilles' house. Mrs. Melville is still more easily recognised as Audrey Chapman, whose orchestra does wonderful things in bringing first-class music (perfectly played) to the

very doors of the East End populace. Her last concert in Clerkenwell was a triumphant success. There were a good many people, too, in that crowded audience whose faces are familiar in the more luxurious West End halls; and it's a sure proof that the music is worth hearing if Mayfair will travel to Clerkenwell for it—on a cold March night, too.

Mrs. Melville is a fine 'cellist, and has many informal evenings of chamber music. The other night I was there to hear Marjorie Hayward lead the quartet and to listen to Mrs. Melville play an attractive Purcell sonata. The Melvilles have left town now—much to the regret of their many friends, for Mrs. Melville firmly turns her back on all things to do with the London season—turns, in fact, from horse-hair and catgut to horses and cats, and things "trooly rooral" during the summer months.

We have, in fact, been enjoying much music this last week, and have more private concerts to look forward to. Roland Hayes, that marvellous coloured singer whose voice sends tremors down the stiffest back, and causes the whitest and tightest gloves to clasp, is singing at Mrs. Andreae's lovely house in Grosvenor Street on Friday—and the setting should prove far more suitable for his negro spirituals and mellifluous tones than that of the Queen's Hall and Henry Wood's orchestra the other night. To-night—Wednesday—I am going to the Caxton Hall to listen to more music (although it is a place which one usually associates with meetings, prayerful or political), for English and Americans are meeting in the "bond of comradeship" that the English-Speaking Union instils, to hear some well-known amateurs. Mrs. Dudley Ryder is to play her violin (she, by the way, is to be a musical hostess herself on April 3 at her Cadogan Place house), and Miss Victoria Erskine is to sing. Her people, Lord and Lady Erskine of Restormel, by the way, are among those who leave town for the season, as they retreat to Spratton Hall for the summer. Then Miss Nicola Blake is singing Spanish and gipsy songs, and Colonel



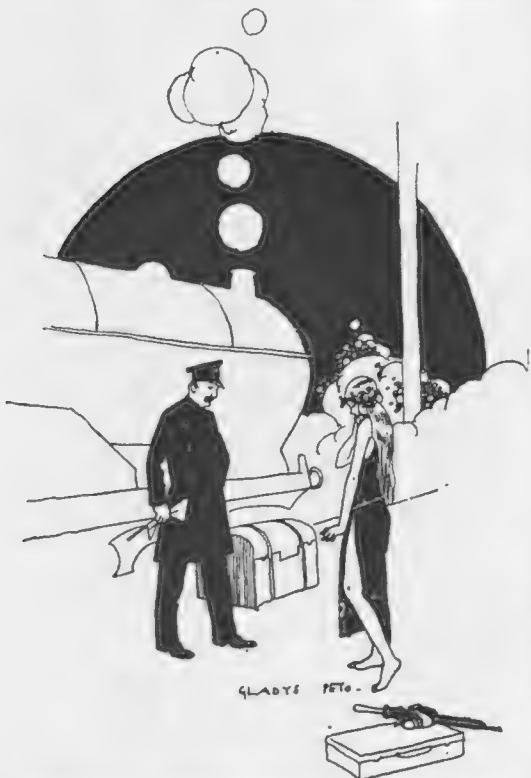
1. Inspired by the example of the train cinemas, and finding getting about to the point-to-point meetings incredibly expensive, Angela decided to give a variety entertainment on the train and so make a little money. This is she giving a song-and-dance entertainment to an intellectual lady and gentleman starting for their spring walking tour. They are disliking it excessively.



2. She followed it up by a dreary highbrow performance. The spectators couldn't bear it, and one lady was at last driven to pull the communication cord.



Stuart Pleydell-Bouverie is to give modern English songs. He is a brother of Lady Wilma Lawson, and an uncle of Lord Lathom (whose parties in Great Cumberland Place have not been forgotten, though he is now far away in China). It's a great pity, by the way, that Colonel Pleydell-Bouverie's voice is not more often heard, as he is a first-rate amateur, and has an admirable accompanist in his wife—a family arrangement which must save a lot of trouble. The concert is being organised by Mr. Eric Rice, who is giving some piano solos, as well as acting as accompanist. He played some Debussy at the last gathering



3. And a very unpleasant scene with the guard ensued. He was much displeased to find that Angela was travelling without a ticket. She meant to be such a success that a ticket wouldn't have been necessary.

of that enterprising little musical society, the Euterpeans, which meets at various houses in London. The hostess on this occasion was Lady Gray. Her tall, graceful daughter helped to receive the guests who came to Collingham Gardens, and the evening was a great success. It is an excellent house for a concert, as the music-room contains a fine Steinway, and there is an intriguing gallery, heavily curtained, from which one felt the music ought stealthily to emanate; but it all happened without any such "trick stunts," straight from the floor in the ordinary way.

And now to more frivolous topics. The feminine world has, as we all know, gone crazy on scarves, and the "Hoxton fashion" of a huge bandanna handkerchief as a neck adornment seems irresistible. But I believe that the more luxurious feather boa (so beloved of our mothers in their early married days) is going to win the day when the season proper begins. Unlike most other feminine adornments, it has increased in volume (to an almost startling degree), and is a ponderous thing to manage with grace and skill. But, oh, how I shudder to think what we shall look like at Ascot this year if there suddenly comes a shower of rain (and it has been known to happen, hasn't it, in spite of the dressmakers' strange belief in the necessity for providing models suitable for sub-tropical wear at the most fashionable of all race meetings?) with our feather boas, our feather flounces and fringes, our feathered hats and ostrich-plumage parasols. We shall look like chickens fresh from the egg—which is never an inspiring or ecstatic spectacle!

We're having rather a rest from weddings at the moment, but the marriage of Mlle. Nadejda Stancioff and Sir Alexander K. Muir was an important affair. Knowing how shy and reserved the diplomat daughter of the Bulgarian Minister is, one shouldn't have been astonished at her making her wedding a quiet, early-morning affair; but, as a matter of fact, it did come as something of a surprise to the many friends who had been talking of the coming marriage in April, when Mlle. Hélène is to marry Mr. Felix Guepin on the last day of that "proud-pied" spring month. Some twenty friends turned up for the ceremony before nine a.m. in the little side chapel of Our Lady at Brompton Oratory, and the bride looked very charming in her simple brown silk frock, with its gold-braided girdle and tassels, and tiny hat with its gold-tipped quills. She had a lovely sable fur tie, which she wore both for the ceremony and later, when she left for the Continent, in her navy-blue three-piece dress.

The wedding party at the Legation in Queen's Gate was a delightful affair, where the guests included General Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton, and much amusement was caused by the mixture of food at the repast. As it was so early in the morning, real breakfast dishes—sausages, bacon-and-eggs, and coffee—were served, together with the festive champagne. In fact, it is the first wedding breakfast I have ever attended which literally deserved its name!

As for the bride, in spite of the fact that she is one of the cleverest women in Europe and speaks I am afraid to say how many languages, she thoroughly enjoyed all the traditional fun of wedding days, and laughed merrily when she was pelted with silver paper horse-shoes, confetti, and rose-leaves.

Dates after Easter are already filling up, and one of those which are already "taken," is May 1, when Lady Gort is having her Thé Dansant in aid of the Waifs and Strays, at 34, Belgrave Square. Those who go to dance in this good cause—and I hope they will be many—will have the opportunity of seeing a collection of beautiful and historic treasures, for Lord and Lady Gort possess a number of fine Boucher and Greuze pictures. One of the former has a very special interest, as it shows La Pompadour seated beside a little kidney-shaped table; and that actual piece of furniture is now in the possession of Lord and Lady Gort, as it was given to a Vereker ancestor in the eighteenth century, when he was Ambassador at the Court of France.

To-morrow, Thursday, we shall all have the opportunity of seeing the much-discussed "Chiquita," in aid of the Silver Crusade; and I understand that it is to be a first-class show. By the way, the Society girls who are taking part in this musical play, written by Mr. Wilfred Eyre and his sister, Miss Edith Eyre, are not content with the hard work they have had to perfect themselves for this production, and are threatening to put on a revue, "written about themselves and by themselves," in which they hope to show off—or show up—their own pet peculiarities and those of their friends. It sounds a daring effort, doesn't it?

And, talking of "Chiquita," I hear that there is a great deal of genuine talent among the amateurs who are appearing in it. Miss Worthington-Evans, for instance, is a real hard-worker, as well as a very clever girl, and, should she so desire, would, I believe, prove a real acquisition to the stage. All the distinguished "chorus girls" of the show have become quite accustomed to the serious business of being drilled by the stage-manager, and have been well disciplined by Mr. Hugh Quekett, the famous Stock

Exchange amateur, who has had the responsibility for this—rather difficult—task. The chorus includes Lady Eleanor Smith, whose curious deep-toned voice is so attractive, and Lady Diana King.

Talking of things theatrical leads naturally to Lady Islington's kind thought for the staff of the Electric Pavilion, Marble Arch, for she gave a Sunday afternoon party at her Portman Square house not long ago, for them. It was kept a close secret from the general world, and was a tremendous success, Miss Betty Pollock's clever imitations of stage celebrities being particularly appreciated. The entertainment included items from M. Boskoff and Miss Nellie Grif-fiths; and a certain number of the hostesses' personal friends were present, including Lady Horner, Sir Louis Mallet, Lady Gwendeline Churchill, and Lady Joan Peake.

One of my hunting friends sends me the following news from the Cottesmore country. "What an unlucky season it has been," she writes; "the weather and the foot-and-mouth plague have conspired together to try our patience to the limit. But the other Saturday was a pleasant change, and a fox from Wardley Wood gave us a jolly gallop which we all thoroughly enjoyed. The Duchess of Westminster, who has come back to the cold Midlands from the Riviera, was going well, as usual; and Mrs. Allfrey and Lord Titchfield were also out. What a crowd it was! The Londonderrys with the *ménage* from Springfield were there, too, as well as Major Henry Noel (who has now had his broken toe mended) and Lady Irene Curzon. Poor 'Rosie' Clayton has not been out since her nasty fall, but is, I'm glad to say, quite well again. Although Castle Bytham is such a long way away from the centre of gaiety, a very large field appeared on the Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge came all the way from Melton, and many others from the Quorn honoured that distant Cottesmore fixture. Colonel



4. And he deposited her at the next station. It was raining a good deal, and she was rather unsuitably dressed for a sojourn in the country.

Ashton, Sir Hill Child, and Mr. "Dick" Molyneux were all to the fore, and the Lowthers and Wyndhams, too. What a lot of digging the latter are doing at Edmunds Thorpe—water being what they are in search of!"

MARIEGOLD.

## The Society "Chiquita" Chorus: Silver Crusaders.



MISS ANNETTE BAIRD.



MISS DAPHNE MACLAUGHLIN.



LADY ELEANOR SMITH.



MISS HÉLÈNE FIELD-MOSER



MISS BETTY CARR.



MISS SYLVIA OGDEN.



MISS SHEILA MACLAUGHLIN.



MISS HEBE DALBY.



MISS EDITH EYRE.

One of the features of the production of "Chiquita," the new musical comedy by Mr. Wilfred Eyre, the brother of Viscountess Campden, which is being given at Covent Garden Opera House on March 27, in aid of the Silver Crusade, is the Beauty Chorus of Society Girls—many of whom are débutantes. The Misses MacLaughlin are the daughters of the late Major MacLaughlin and of Mrs. John Tait. Miss Hebe Dalby and Miss

Sylvia Ogden are both débutantes, Miss Ogden being the daughter of Mrs. Gordon Moore. Miss Betty Carr is the daughter of Mrs. Wilfred Carr; and Miss Hélène Field-Moser's mother is Mrs. Cyril Tankerville Chamberlain. Miss Annette Baird is the elder and débutante daughter of Lady Ethel Baird and of Sir John Baird of Urie. Lady Eleanor Smith is the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead.

Photographs by Yevonde.



## A Bach and Bax Expert.



TO BE HEARD AT THE WIGMORE HALL TO-DAY (THE 26TH): MISS HARRIET COHEN,  
THE FAMOUS PIANIST.

Miss Harriet Cohen is the famous young English pianist, whose recent concert was so great a success, and who will be heard to-night at the Wigmore Hall, with a string orchestra, conducted by Mr. Julius Harrison, in an all-Bach programme. Miss Cohen is particularly well known for her fine interpretations of the old masters, such as

Bach, Scarlatti, and William Byrd, and of the very modern composers, more especially Arnold Bax, whose new sonata she played for the first time in London at her recent concert. Miss Cohen is a very beautiful woman as well as a first-class artist, and has raven-black hair and green eyes.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]

## Small Size Canine Aristocrats: At the Horticultural Show.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING DACHSHUND, SILVA VON LUITPOLDSEIM:  
MISS D. SPURRIER.



THE PUG IS RETURNING TO FAVOUR: MRS. ARTHUR COX  
AND HER HANDEL MONARCH.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING DANDIE DINMONT, DARANTH'S JESSAMY:  
THE HON. MRS. ANGUS McDONNELL.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING GAGE D'AMOUR:  
THE HON. MRS. DUDLEY CARLETON.



WITH ONE OF THEIR CUPS: THE PAPILLONS EXHIBITED  
BY MRS. GORTON GREATRIX AND MRS. M. B. COOPER.

The small-size canine aristocrats were to be seen in full force at the French Bull-Dog Club's show at the Horticultural Hall last week, for the pets exhibited included Pekinese, Dandie Dinmonts, Dachshunds, and dainty little Papillons, as well as French bull-dogs and a number of pugs, for the latest news in the dog world is that this somewhat

neglected breed is once more coming back to favour. The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Carleton, who was very successful with her French bull-dogs, is the wife of Lady Dorchester's only son. The Hon. Mrs. Angus McDonnell is the daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the well-known playwright, and is the wife of the brother of the Earl of Antrim.

Photographs by I.B., C.N., and S. and G.

## A Nursery Study.



PENELOPE AND RACHEL : THE DAUGHTERS  
OF MR. AND MRS. DUDLEY WARD.

Miss Penelope and Miss Rachel Dudley Ward are the daughters of the Right Hon. William Dudley Ward, P.C., and Mrs. Dudley Ward. Miss Penelope was born in 1914, and Miss Rachel in 1916. Mrs. Dudley Ward, who is one of the prettiest young married women in Society, is the eldest daughter of Colonel Charles Wilfrid Birkin, C.M.G. Mr.

Dudley Ward was Liberal Member for Southampton, from 1906, but was defeated in the election of 1922. He formerly was Vice-Chamberlain to H.M. Household, and became a Privy Councillor in 1922. He is the son of the late Mr. William Dudley Ward, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, and is a grandson of the first Viscount Esher.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

# THE ARMY POINT-TO-POINT MEETING:



CAPT. BRADSHAW, LADY MARGARET LINDSAY, AND MISS PAMELA BECKETT (L. OF TABLE); AND MR. FORESTIER-WALKER, MR. TROYTE-BULLOCK, LADY CHETWODE, LORD CAVAN, AND COLONEL RAMSAY (R.).



INCLUDING MAJOR AND MRS. LOMER AND THE MISSES LOMER, COLONEL AND MRS. LEVSON, MAJOR MILFORD, AND MR. HUNT.



TWO OF THE SPECTATORS: CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLOUGHBY NORRIS.



WITH MRS. TOWERS-CLARKE: PRINCE HENRY, WHO MET WITH AN ACCIDENT.



WITH MISS MYRTLE ATHERLEY (R.): MISS ST. JOHN MILDMA.

The Army Point-to-Point at Arborfield Cross was the occasion of the Prince of Wales' accident, when his horse Little Favourite fell, throwing his rider heavily. Prince Henry, who also competed in the races, also met with a slight accident in the Nomination Race, his fall being chiefly due to the press of spectators at the jumps. The Duke of York was also present at the meeting, and was one of the first to reach the Prince



# PERSONALITIES—ROYAL, MILITARY, AND OTHERWISE.



WITH THE HON. IMOGEN GRENFELL: LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH.



MRS. HEATH, MISS LEVESON-GOWER, MRS. WATSON, MR. DARBY, MISS HOWARD, MR. HUTCHINS, AND MR. AND MRS. TRIMLETT.



WITH MISS PAMELA THARP: MISS URSULA WHITE.



DISCUSSING THE SITUATION: MRS. MILES, MRS. MOSLEY, AND MR. E. H. MOSLEY.



WATCHING FROM THE BACK OF A CAR: MISS AUDREY MAPPIN AND MRS. KEITH NEWALL.

of Wales after his fall. Our snapshots show some of those who were present at the meeting. Lady Margaret Lindsay is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Crawford, and Miss Pamela Beckett is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Rupert and Mrs. Beckett. The Hon. Imogen Grenfell, who made her début last year, is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough.—[Photographs by T.P.A., B.I., Alferi, S. and G., and C.P.P.]



## The Clubman. By Beveren.

### The Man Who Stole Monocles.

Back from Monte Carlo, which he left to be present at the England v. Scotland International match at Twickenham—he more or less marks out his year's programme of engagements by the dates of the Rugger Internationals and the 'Varsity events—Mr. Duncan Swann, novelist and writer of light, happy-go-lucky articles, heard as soon as he landed in England about his lost monocle.

Mr. Swann, I might say, is practically helpless without this piece of personal equipment. Last year, at Brancaster, in Norfolk, he went to his golf locker and found that his eyeglass had vanished. Its disappearance coincided with that of a number of Treasury notes taken from other lockers in the club-house. But why his monocle? Mr. Swann returned from the Riviera to learn that his monocle had been discovered; that it was found in the possession of a man who made a hobby of stealing monocles—he had fourteen altogether, apart from much money which he had gathered in golf clubs while members were out on the course; that somewhere in the Midlands he had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. But one still wonders what the miscreant meant to do with all those single eye-glasses. All of them were worn by men with different degrees of defectiveness of eyesight.

In some quarters the monocle is still regarded as singling out its wearer as a man of a la-di-da, affected, and even effeminate personality. Some believers in that theory have received an awakening. Mr. Adrian Stoop, who made the modern Harlequins, claims that the monocolled hero of a famous war incident belonged to that celebrated football club.

You remember the story? A new physical-training officer, an Englishman, was expected in an Australian camp. He made his first appearance on parade wearing a single eye-glass. Next morning a whole squad of Australians awaited him, every man with a penny-piece fixed in his right eye.

The officer looked at them through his eyeglass languidly. Twice his gaze roved up and down the front line. Then, carelessly removing his monocle, he tossed it in the air, and as it descended, caught it neatly in his eye. "Do that if you can, any of you!" he observed coldly.

The self-possession, the cool effectiveness of the act settled the Australians. When subsequently they found that the monocolled officer was a rattling fine athlete, they took him to their hearts.

### Another Incident.

Then there was the case of Major F. H. S. ("Gunner") Huntington, an officer of the Regular Army. He also wears an eyeglass and a mild, inoffensive air. He, too, was sent as P.T. instructor to some Australians. The first night they dined him extraordinarily well. All the time they looked at his eyeglass.

After dinner, some of the officers said they were not greatly in love with physical exercises, but that they thought a good deal of boxing. Did the Major care for boxing? They had a fellow in the camp they would like to pit against him. They would like to bring him along there and then. The Major was diffident about putting on the gloves. He felt he had dined and wine too well for a bout just then. But there was no escaping it. The Australian officers, still looking at the

blow. Immediately we had shaken hands, I whipped in my right, caught him, and down he went. They didn't ask me to fight any more that night."

But, of course, the Major's fame among the Australians was established.

### The New De Courville Revue.

The Palladium is so huge a theatre that to pick out people you know among the audience you feel almost that you need field-glasses, not opera-glasses. And the new De Courville revue, "The Whirl of the World," is so packing the place that any night dozens of well-known people are to be seen in the audience.

The Princess Royal showed herself much interested in the amazing crimson velvet and silver cloak that Miss Ethel Hook,

Mme. Clara Butt's sister, bears on her shoulders as she ascends the long stairway that stretches from the footlights to the very roof of the theatre; and Mme. Clara Butt, commenting on this spectacular item of the entertainment, says that Miss Hook must be the bravest singer that ever sang.

Mr. De Courville can truly be said to be the inventive genius who by his revues, beginning with "Hullo, Ragtime," gave the London Hippodrome a steady, regular audience that ever since has been faithful to big, slick, spectacular revue. The Palladium venture is as bold and brilliant in effects as anything Mr. De Courville offered the Hippodrome clientele. A typical bit of De Courville-ism is the odd and startling spectacle caused by the evolutions, against a black drop-cloth, of a troupe of girls garbed in uniforms, some of which are black in front, white behind, others white in front, black behind. Their movements have a curiously weird effect. Then Mr. Billy Merson shows that genuine gymnast work is not at all beyond him; he and Miss Nellie Wallace are sure to make a most humorous combination. The dresses worn by the chorus when they support Mr. Walter Williams in one of his best songs are very eye-taking, and up to date enough to make the fashions of the day after to-morrow;

and the dainty American dancer, Miss Dora Duby, looks most charming. Miss Duby partnered that great artist Al Jolson for a year, and was also with Ziegfeld's Folies.

At the first performance, something occurred which I never remember before in a West End theatre. After speeches by Miss Nellie Wallace and Mr. Merson, the audience called for three cheers for De Courville, and also for cheers for Mr. Gulliver, who rose and bowed his acknowledgments from a box.

Mr. De Courville has proved in this production that he is still a master producer.



AT HER LE TOUQUET VILLA: MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Miss Gertie Millar is one of the most popular favourites who have ever been seen on the London stage, and is a very great artist of musical comedy. Her ten years at the Gaiety included numerous triumphs, such as "The Spring Chicken," "The Girls of Gottenberg," "A Waltz Dream," and many others. "The Quaker Girl," "Our Miss Gibbs," "A Country Girl," and other well-known successes are closely associated with her name, and her many admirers regret that she has not been seen on the London stage since 1918. Miss Gertie Millar married Mr. Lionel Monckton, who died recently. Our photograph shows her at her villa at Le Touquet, with one of her favourites.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

monocle, scented fun. On the other hand, Major Huntington, a most silent man about his own gifts, had not mentioned that he had been light-heavyweight champion of the Army and Navy. Jim Driscoll, too, was in that camp. Somehow, he did not mention what the Major could do, either.

"When I saw the man they had ready for me," says the Major, "I felt it would be best to do all I could as quickly as I could. He was an enormous fellow, absolutely fit, and had not dined as I had. Driscoll whispered to me, 'Watch his right.'"

"Well, I resolved to risk all on the first

# Friends of Man: Dog Etchings and Verses. No. I.



What are things coming to, I'd like to know!  
 Just stay down there! What cheek! Come off you go!  
 You wouldn't find it easy; you're too small;  
 A pretty fuss there'd be if you should fall,  
 And I'd get blamed for leading you astray.  
 Now, just turn round and toddle right away.

You won't? All right, I dare you to come up;  
 I'll let you know who's master here, my pup.  
 You can't? I knew it! Wait till you've got legs  
 Instead of little silly wobbly pegs.  
 Come, off you go—straight home—you're not to stop!  
 Now let me see if I can reach the top.)

JOE WALKER.

The attention of all dog-lovers is drawn to the delightful series of etchings of dogs by the well-known American animal artist, Miss Marguerite Kirmse, the first of which appears on this page, and which we are publishing in "The Sketch." These etchings are accompanied

by specially written dog poems by Mr. Joe Walker, and will, we feel sure, appeal to everyone who owns to that universal human weakness, the love of a dog. It will interest "Sketch" readers to learn that a series of Kirmse's etchings was published in New York "Country Life."

FROM THE ETCHING BY MARGARET KIRMSE.



# THE ROYAL ARTILLERY POINT-TO-POINT 'CHASES:



Miss Margaret Jebb, Miss Betty Burnett-Stuart & Mr. Hunt.



Mrs. Allfrey.



Miss Myrtle Atherley, Miss St. John Mildmay,  
Mrs. Scott-Murray, Miss Helena St. Maur & Mr. Hackett-Pain.



Mrs. Shard, Mrs. Scott and Miss Eaton.



Mrs. Jomer  
& Miss Enid Jomer.



Capt. and Mrs. Roland Orred  
and Miss Graham.(1)

## HARD GOING IN FINE WEATHER: SOME OF

The Royal Regiment of Artillery, and the Royal Artillery of the Aldershot Command, combined to hold a Point-to-Point Steeplechase Meeting at Ash Ridge Farm, near Wokingham, last week. The attendance was large, the weather brilliantly fine, but the going rather hard. Prince Henry attended

Photographs by Alfieri.



# THE GUNNERS' MEETING AT ASH RIDGE FARM.



Col. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Carlisle.



Mrs. Boileau, Mrs. Kirkland,  
Mrs. W.H. Peach  
& Col. Kirkland.



Prince Henry,  
Mrs. Malise Graham,  
Lady Strickland &  
Maj. Gen. Sir Peter  
Strickland.



Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Dickinson, & Capt. Thompson.



Maj. Peel, Mr. de Robeck, Mrs. Peel & Miss Betty Peel.

## THE SPECTATORS—INCLUDING PRINCE HENRY.

the meeting and is shown with Mrs. Malise Graham, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Malise Graham, D.S.O. (who commands the 10th Hussars, Prince Henry's regiment), and with Major-General Sir Peter Strickland, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (who commands the Second Division), and Lady Strickland.

and G., T.P.A., and C.N.



# TALES WITH A STING

## PAID IN FULL.

By BEATRIX LEHMANN.

### CHAPTER I.

I DON'T swear that this story is true; possibly it is two quite different stories. But a long time ago I heard the first part, which I forgot immediately until, years afterwards, I read a paragraph in a newspaper, and out of the trap-door of my subconscious mind it popped again. The old story and the paragraph were curiously alike—in fact, they might be manoeuvred into one complete story; it was most intriguing, it kept me awake at night, so I wrote it all down—to get it out of my system. All that was needed was a setting for the play, a suitable background for the actors, a little sunshine, and a soft wind when the heroine was glad, and rain and a gale or two when she was sad.

Anyway, it all happened a good many years ago now, and all concerned must be dead (and probably doing well in another life); so if it is not quite true, I shall not be accused of libel. The names of the people are all fictitious, and I shan't even whisper the name of the little South Coast town, huddling, grey and squat, on the face of the Downs (turned to the sea like an old woman watching her sailor son's return, and turned to stone with waiting.)

All the year round the wind blew through the narrow streets cold and nipping from the Channel, loud and turbulent from the ocean, and in the summer it rippled round the corners of the houses warm and languid as the breath of mermaids flowing through the waves. And always the sign above the door of the Cat and Fiddle swung slowly to and fro, creaking and rusty of hinge. When she was small Tina, in her bed-room over the door, had lain listening in the night to the sign swinging and creaking.

"It's the cat playing the fiddle," she had told herself.

It was just the way one would expect a cat to play, and Tina's small moist hand crept up to the silver medals round her neck, and she shut her eyes from the pale square of the window where she could see the wind swinging across the sky, stripping the gauzy veils of cloud from the faces of the modest stars, leaving them glittering, cold and naked in the dark vault of night.

Tina was seven years old when she had left her home above Paris to come to the English town where it seemed that all the winds of heaven met. Clearly she remembered the crossing—the day had been warm and fresh, and she had wanted to stay on the deck of the little sailing ship watching Jean Perault, her father's friend with the black beard, shouting to his small crew—his voice was like the trumpeting of some great god; Tina thought he must be Neptune. She had settled down on a coil of rope against the mast, her hands tightly clasped round her bare knees, and a delightful sensation of excitement in the region of the belt. But her father (pale and frightened all day, starting nervously at every sound) had made her come below with him amongst the onions and the hot, sickly smell of tar and sea-water.

Ten years had passed since then, and Tina had learnt to speak English; but with her father alone in their poor rooms above the inn, where he cobbled all day, she spoke her native language, and only Tina knew how he longed for the day when they could return to their home, where one looked

from the window at night into a huge bowl filled with a million lights.

"The day will come when it will be safe for us to return—but we shall have no money. What I earn goes in bread—we shall be as birds with broken wings."

Tina never knew the real reason why they had left France: he never spoke of it; perhaps he was afraid his explanation might have dimmed her love for him. Sometimes the black-bearded Neptune came up from the harbour, his onions swinging in bunches from a pole across his giant shoulders, and Tina was turned out to play whilst her father listened eagerly to the news from across the sea.

The last few years Neptune had been accompanied by his son, and to Tina the latter was even more god-like. She walked through the cobbled streets with him when he sold his onions, and watched him sail from the harbour till the sails were swallowed in the glow of the evening sky.

He came but few times in the year; but when he did they had so much to tell one another that the onion-selling suffered not a little.

One evening, when they were walking to the harbour, he told her that his next visit to the town would be his last.

"In a few months I shall have saved enough to own a boat of my own, and I shall live by the sea."

Tina was silent. She felt as if she had been struck across the face. Then from the corner of her eye she saw a warm flush mounting in his bronzed face.

"Shall I come and take you away with me, then, Tina?" he asked very gently.

"Yes, Louis."

"Only one little year and I shall have enough for two." He took her hand in his warm brown one.

"Perhaps my father will have saved enough for our return before then. Would you come to Paris to fetch me?" asked Tina fearfully.

"Why, of course," he answered. "It would be better still."

There was no one about in the narrow passage leading to the harbour, and Pierre took Tina in his arms and kissed her. He smeared tar and onions, like the hold of his father's ship, and Tina wrinkled up her little nose and kissed him back. There was just a hint of black down above his pouting lips, and his eyes were pansy-black. He was very beautiful to behold.

After he had gone, she wandered slowly home, up the cobbled streets, misty and gold with evening sunlight. Her father was in his work-room talking to a customer. Tina recognised Dr. Jael, who had the biggest practice in the town. An immensely tall, thin man, with a huge hooked nose and glittering blue eyes. He was admired by the townsfolk for his brilliancy (ladies came all the way from London to be under his care), and feared and hated for his hardness and miserliness. He turned his piercing gaze upon her as she stood leaning against the door-post, her dark eyes still clouded with dreaming.

"Your daughter?" asked the doctor.

"My only child," answered the old cobbler.

Tina came slowly from the shadows and stood in the sunlight by her father's elbow. The doctor's eyes were still fixed upon her,

and she felt a cold shiver of disgust creep over her skin—he was so like a huge bird of prey with his beaky nose and unblinking eyes. She was glad when he went.

"He's a queer one," murmured the old cobbler. "He made me speak of things I tell to nobody. My tongue was wagging of my longing for home before I knew I was speaking. They say he is hard and will not tend those who cannot pay him."

The old man sighed and bent once more over a top-boot. Tina did not hear—she was leaning from the window watching the red sun dip its rim into the sea. The sky was clear and flaming; you might almost have heard the hiss of fire meeting water. She smiled to herself.

Dr. Jael visited the cobbler's workshop many times. He would walk in suddenly in the late evening, when Tina was helping her father by the poor light of a candle. He talked well, and was evidently well used to holding the attention of his listeners. His was an unpleasant, but a magnetic and compelling personality. He never stayed long, and on occasion he was silent except for a few sharp questions thrown at Tina. The silence in the room would lure her away to dreaming of Louis, and all of a sudden the doctor would ask harshly: "Can you sew?" or some such irrelevancy. It was like a stone breaking the quiet pool of her mind, and she would withdraw into herself and answer timidly.

A month passed, and on a morning of soft wind and sunshine, two brown sails came out of the sea, and Louis and his father were back once more. In the afternoon Louis and Tina climbed further than the downs behind the town to a place where no sea-gulls cried and wheeled, but the young larches threw soft shadows and the bees droned amongst the honeysuckle and wild thyme.

Late in the evening she came back from the harbour, walking almost as if she were asleep. Her father rushed excitedly to meet her on the narrow stairs.

"It is safe for us to return to France this very night. Jean has just told me. But we have no money—ten pounds, ten little pounds, would do it—our journey back from the coast and a little to live on until I can find customers again."

He dragged her excitedly into the room, babbling like a madman.

"Oh, Tina, what shall we do? He cannot lend me the money. I can borrow from nobody."

"Poor father, poor father," she murmured soothingly, stroking his hand.

Far into the night they sat at work; his eyes were sadly bent over his work; but hers were as bright as diamonds, and a thoughtful smile played about her lips.

As the weeks passed, Tina did not notice that the doctor was making advances. Once or twice he had stopped her in the country lanes when they had met and talked with her, watching her face for signs of admiration. She thought he was very ugly; and once, when she took a pair of mended boots to his house, and was waiting for the door to be answered, she saw him through the window, standing with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other (held at such an angle that the medicine in it was dribbling

[Continued on page 611.]





**A FINE PASTEL PORTRAIT: MRS. EDWARD McCORMICK—BY ISAAC COHEN, R.O.I.**

This beautiful pastel portrait is remarkable for its delicacy and grace, and its depth of colouring. It was exhibited at the Twenty-fifth Exhibition of the Pastel Society, held this year at the Royal Institute Galleries.

*(Copyright reserved by the artist.)*

## The Art of Icart.



### THE PETS.

*After the Icart etching published by Les Graveurs Modernes, 194, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.*



## This Week's Studdy.



**BONZO IS HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD!**

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"Bonzo's Star Turns"—is still on sale.

**"OFF WITH THE OLD;  
ON WITH THE NEW."**

This very intriguing problem picture by Mr. Higgins was shown at the recent exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, under the title of "The Compassion of the Well-Beloved"—a name which gives the key to the subject.

*From the Picture by  
R. E. Higgins.*









## The Huntress of the East.



DIANA ORIENTALISED BY RZEWUSKI.

The beautiful work of Count Rzewuski, the Polish artist who is having so great a success in Paris, is well known to "Sketch" readers. The picture of Diana the huntress—Orientalised—is a good example of his charming and individual art.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ALEX RZEWUSKI.

Academicians' LMS Poster Series



No. 1. "EDINBURGH CASTLE."

By GEORGE HENRY, R.A.

# LMS

If Hans Andersen or Grimm had only lived in Scotland we might have had the *true* story of Edinburgh Castle instead of the heavy-footed version of the history books. He would have had the loveliest of all princesses living there—a princess who never slept on fewer than seventeen piled-up beds of softest swansdown. And over by Arthur's Seat, a mile away, would certainly have dwelt the fearsomest of dragons, hungrily awaiting his meal of maidens from the City below. St. Giles's would have resounded with tabarded heralds of the King proclaiming to the world his offer of half Scotland and all his daughter's hand to the gallant young fellow who would slay the beast. Historians did miss their chance with Edinburgh Castle—built only for fairy romance.

But an artist has seized it. Mr. George Henry, R.A., has painted that Castle for the series of twenty advertising posters which the London Midland & Scottish Railway have commissioned from famous Academicians, and his version is the right one. His is a true fairy castle—a castle of derring-do and live-happy-ever-after. Seen from some low foreground of liveliest green it is poised against a sunlit sky. It gleams in sunlight; it oozes sunlight—so glowing as to bathe its walls and turrets in a trembling sun-haze of palest peat-smoke blue.

A wonderful picture—revealing an Edinburgh which one would fancy must be leagues and leagues, seas and seas away, instead of . . . . . eight hours from Euston!







Continued.]

over the rim), his glinting eyes fixed on her. She put the boots on the mat and fled.

She was feeling tired and nervous with longing for Louis. She had frightening dreams about him at night. A year was a long time to wait. The next time Jean Perault sailed into the harbour, Louis would not be with him—he would be fishing in his own boat off the French coast.

When there was a storm at night she would light a candle and kneel praying by the window. He might be at sea.

That last time, in the green shade of the young larches, she had cried a little. But he had laughed and said:

"Only a year—one short year." She had felt healed and at peace when he kissed her. The bees had droned so comfortingly.

One afternoon in the late autumn she had left the old cobbler working at his leather, and turned her face towards the high down behind the town. At the door of the inn she met Dr. Jael just entering. He blocked her path; his broad, sharp shoulders filled the doorway. He put his thin finger under her chin, and looked searchingly into her face.

"Aren't you well?" he asked sharply. His other fingers curled round her cheek, and held her face cupped in his cold palm.

"Yes, thank you, I was going for a little walk."

She drew back nervously, her wide brown eyes faltering before his stare. He stood aside and watched her go up the street.

On the side of the down she sat in the sun, her hands linked around her knees, her listless gaze fixed on the sparkling sea. A boat with brown sails was making slow headway to the harbour.

The cobbler was sitting beside the window, a shoe between his knees, but he was not working and he did not look up when she came in and dropped wearily into a chair.

His voice broke in on her thoughts, nervously, faltering, ashamed.

"Tina, the doctor—he wishes to marry you."

She made a quick movement, and he put out his hand.

"I said I could not spare you—I repeated I could not spare you," he pleaded.

"But, Tina"—he was almost in tears—"he gave me the money. When Jean Perault comes I can go home with him."

She looked at him snivelling and pleading, thinking only of his wish come true, ready to sacrifice his daughter who had stood by him unquestioning and faithful, and her heart was filled with a cold pity that froze the first beating of fear that had struck her.

"Tina, you would be well off . . . he is rich. Tina, what do you say . . . speak."

Money—always money. He thought to dazzle her into consenting by a tale of the doctor's wealth. That man who withheld succour from the poor, who would work his wife like a servant; and his eyes. . . .

Tina remembered now how he had looked at her, and a wave of horror surged across her senses. She rose unsteadily and went to the window where the fresh evening air rippled in. Her nerves were so on edge that her thoughts were exaggerated and made twenty times more frightening. Her father had sold her, sold her body for a few paltry pounds so that a dream might be realised. All the time that these thoughts scurried like frightened mice around in her head her tired eyes took in the sweep of the down, the stretch of sea gilded by the sinking sun into a shield of gleaming brass, as if her mind was at peace.

Louis would hear from her father or Jean Perault that she had married, and he would never come back—never know the truth. . . . She couldn't do it . . . there must be a way out if only she could think, if only those mice would stop scurrying round and round till her brain burned.

Then, suddenly, she saw the brown sails moving slowly round the headland into the harbour; she turned quickly towards the old man.

"How much money did he give you?"

"Ten pounds—not more," mumbled the cobbler, avoiding her eyes.

"That is enough for two." Her voice was scarcely above a whisper, she was hardly breathing. She felt like a person who is carrying a brimming cup and must go carefully, softly, for fear of spilling one drop.

"How did you persuade him to give you so much—just for one person?"

The old man was silent, his head bowed.

"Father?"

He looked up slyly. "He did not know I could get a passage free—it will come in useful."

Tina began to laugh helplessly, and he looked at her puzzled, and a little afraid.

"You will consent, Tina?"

"No, never! I'm coming with you."

"But, my child, there is no boat, and the doctor will come to-morrow. Be sensible." He was alarmed.

"The boat is just sailing into the harbour—it is bound to go back with the night tide, and I shall go too—I shall go too."

The tears poured down her cheeks.

The weeks passed and grew to months, and still no word from Louis. His father, on the night of the flight from England, had held her hand for a moment when they parted in France, and had said kindly:

"Louis sends his love. I will tell him you have gone to Paris."

But now the year was nearly over, and any day he might come swinging up the street. She was alone nearly all day, as she had few friends in the *quartier*, and her father was often away on mysterious business of his own, and he would sit till morning drinking and gambling with his friends; so, sad and disillusioned, she kept away from him.

One evening she sat sewing in the little room where her father kept his tools and worked when he was at home and sober.

Far below, at the foot of the hill, stretched the city; the lights were pricking out in groups and clusters. Every evening at dusk she would sit and watch Paris coming to life in the dark. She seldom went down there, as it was a long journey, and she had the house to look after. Her father never went (probably the circumstances that had compelled him to be an exile for ten years still made him cautious of Paris itself.)

The door opened on to the street, and she had set it wide, as the air was warm, and she always imagined that one night the darkness in the doorway would part like two curtains and Louis would step into the room.

This evening she sat near the table on which stood the lamp, her shoulder turned to the door. Her father had just gone out, and she knew he would now be sitting in a café round the corner of the street with his friends. If it had not been for the knowledge that Louis was coming, life would have been very sad and lonely for poor Tina.

There was little traffic in the streets, and only a few pedestrians passed the doorway; so when she heard the echo of a slow, measured step coming down the street she sat still and listened, her head turned to the doorway. There was something in the step that was different from the hurried clattering of the usual passer-by: it was almost certainly the rolling gait of a sailor that made those tiny pauses between each firm footfall. Nearer and nearer . . . no, he had stopped a few houses away. . . . The wrong house, he was coming on again—should she spring up. . . . No; perhaps it wasn't. . . . It must be. It must be. . . .

She was shaking in every limb, turned in the chair, watching with burning eyes—

the curtains were going to part; she was on her feet and across the room, the cry of welcome on her lips as Jean Perault's huge figure filled the doorway. She put the back of her hand quickly across her mouth—something had happened, she could see it in his face. Slowly he came forward, nodding gently to her and fingering his black beard—then he stopped and shrugged his huge shoulders. "*Mon fils est mort.*"

Not a sound in the room; not a movement from the street; even the city below was as silent as lake-water. What was that he was saying?

His son had been drowned . . . a dreadful storm . . . poor old man. . . . How sad for him. . . . And yet Neptune should have been able to save his son from drowning. . . . How comic. . . .

She pointed down the street when he asked her where the cobbler was, and silently she watched him go.

Mist was filling the valley like water. She began to walk, and the nearer she got, the brighter the lights shone through the mist, making it golden and blue-shadowed—like the sea at sunset, so comfortable, and simple to plunge right into it and sink down, down to the sea-floor where the drowned people were.

She had a vision as she stumbled down the hill, that flashed away immediately. Rows of beautiful white bodies—lying, asleep, with cool green currents flowing over them. She had never even heard of the Morgue.

On and on, down and down—people, lights, traffic thundering past like breakers crashing over the sea-wall. Then the gleam of water, still below her, but so near, now. The cabs and omnibuses rattled over the bridge; the people jostled one another on the side-walk. Tina lent over the parapet and held out her arms, and then—fell forward.

## CHAPTER II.

THIRTY years have elapsed between the end of the first chapter and the end of the second. Dr. Jael has retired from practice, and is writing a book on bones, haggling with tradesmen and quarrelling with his son over his debts. Dr. Jael had married finally when he had discovered that it was an economy to get a wife through a Matrimonial Agency who would serve as housekeeper as well. It had taken him a long time to get over the little affair of the French refugees. Somehow, it had all leaked out; the townsfolk had laughed, not because he had been unlucky in love, but because he had been swindled out of ten pounds; for the first time in his life Dr. Jael had been done. Done by an old, doddering French cobbler. The whole affair preyed on his mind; he thought the people were sniggering over the story years after they had forgotten all about it. He had lain awake at night, his hands clutching the blanket, his eyes glaring into the dark, visualising how he would make her pay if he ever found her again. And night after night he had seen in his dreams an old man with white hair, shuffling down the long straight roads of France, his pockets heavy with gold, away, away, out of sight.

His servants left—his practice dwindled—he was obsessed, he was going mad. Then came the plump-faced, uneducated wife from the Agency, and he seemed to pull himself together—to gather health and vitality. For a year the wife worked and kept his house single-handed (the people of the town hardly ever saw her). They pitied her—then she bore him a son and left this world with very little effort, and, apparently, no regret.

The doctor had to get another housekeeper—the child was a fresh expense—his fits of black humour settled upon him once

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## Criticisms in Cameo.



### I.

#### "THE FARMER'S WIFE," AT THE COURT.

CIDER in a stone jar, clotted cream and ripe fruit; sunlight flooding a whitewashed kitchen; dear Devon names; the leisured drawl—sure my fancy has played me a trick, for I can swear this is not Sloane Square, but Applegarth Farm. It was there I met these simple farmer folk. Eden Phillpotts, giving them form and pressure, has opened a magic casement through which blows the wind of fresh, racy humour, and a poetry, too, glowing like the sunshine.

Old Churdles Ash is a *genre* study of rustic life I shall not easily forget. Cedric Hardwicke drew this droll, solemn misogynist to the life. He sees no good in women. He is a socialist rationalist new to the theatre. The toothless antique, Henry Coaker, of Wallace Evannett is scarcely less delightful. I could not quite believe in Samuel Sweetland in his quest for a second wife, though Melville Cooper kept us highly amused as the widower. We are glad he weds Araminta, beautifully played by Evelyn Hope. Applegarth Farm is the home of three weddings. There is the inevitable tea-party, too, at the spinster's villa. We listen to the glee-singers in the garden, and to Sibley's pretty song, so charmingly sung by Phyllis Shand. It is idle to quibble about crudities of construction; and though the acting was uneven, I found "The Farmer's Wife" good comedy, full of well-observed character, as delicious as Devon cream and as refreshing as Devon cider. G. F. H.

### II.

#### "THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO.

THIS is a fine acting play.

The tale is exciting, told with economy, and not wildly improbable. This fake is a snob. He gets his deserts. Thanks to the strong man in tweeds who comes like a *deus ex machina* to solve the situation, the drunken husband of the fake's daughter is disposed of. Since there is no *raison d'être* for his further existence, and he will not obligingly fall over the cliffs, Geoffrey Sands deliberately drops an overdose of cocaine into the whisky-tumbler. It is the old question of the right to kill, and here the executioner is the hero. Godfrey Tearle was excellent—so brusque, nonchalant, and good-humoured over the business. Allan Jeayes as the fake, wearing a stock, acts so well that the character does not degenerate into the stock type. For one act we get a glimpse of Henrietta Watson as his wife—a vignette drawn with sure touches of pathos. I think Una O'Connor as the waitress, true daughter of Cockayne, was quite one of the best things of the evening. Muriel Alexander and Francis Lister fill conventional rôles with distinction; but Franklyn Bellamy, as the drug-taking drinker, was a triumph. He acted with his whole body. This nerveless, crouching,

shifty wreck, whose every gesture was eloquent of abject brutality, made me shudder. With no melodramatic heroics, but by subtle and painful suggestions, he made the figure terribly alive. For once I was thankful a jury had not to sit in judgment.

Well constructed, theatrically convincing, gripping with interest and amusing, brilliantly acted, "The Fake" should fill the Apollo for some time to come. G. F. H.

### III.

#### "THE ADDING MACHINE," AT THE STRAND.

FROM the anvil of this weird fantasy fly the sparks of truth. Who is Mr. Zero? He is the symbol of the whole herd of man. Once he had muscles and

satire is scathing, the penetration merciless, and the moral profound. Who are they who catch the notes of music in the Elysian fields? Not the righteous moralists with their little laws that lackeys make. It is the creators in marble or on canvas or with words, the poets and lovers, the artists who can rise above the servile state. Mr. Zero heard it in that passionate moment when he was alone with Daisy; but he fears discovery, he fears for his moral reputation. He quits and finds hell where he is happy with the Adding Machine. The play is episodic, yet intensely dramatic (the office scene burns into the memory) expressionistic, after the manner of George Kaiser, yet coherent; abstract, yet full of concrete realities, bitter, pathetic, and profound. It is a beak and talon tearing at the vitals of modern society. The caricature of ten thousand lives talking the same patterned jargon, men and women alike, laughing at the same jokes, was irresistible. It stirred the usually lethargic audience to wild laughter. Gods! how true it is. Brember Wills as Mr. Zero gave a wonderful performance. Edith Evans as Daisy could not be bettered—she stands alone in the ranks of comedy; and Louise Hampton was most effective as Mrs. Zero. A word in praise of the producer, A. E. Filmer, and of E. McKnight Kauffer for his clever, fantastic decorative effects. Elmer Rice has done in drama what James Branch Cabell has done in the novel. He has made a joke of man; but behind the mocking pessimism is an agonist of life. Let us have it on the regular stage. The Zeros of to-day have need of this sharp medicine. G. F. H.

### IV.

#### "THE RIVALS," AT THE OLD VIC.

THOSE who love literature are not in the habit of ignoring it. (You remember Stevenson's fine phrase.) And I went with zest to renew acquaintance with Sheridan. I hate the literary eunuchs whose veins run ink and have no sap of virility in them. This is no pale, bloodless script from a dusty shelf. It still exhilarates like good wine. Sheridan wrote it at twenty-four, and all his youthful fun bubbles through it. The mellow port

nourishes Sir Anthony, and Wilfred Walter was as rich as his glass. Ion Swinley is a delight as the robust Jack Absolute; and what can I say of the immortal Bob Acres? Hay Petrie is something of a genius. I must not detail the characters, for my pen will run, regardless of space. There are Lydia and Julia, as bewitching as poetry, and the famous Mrs. Malaprop keeping us in fits of laughter. There is Fag, too, and the dear booby, David. I take off my hat to Robert Atkins for his delightful production; to his company, one and all, for their delightful acting; and I am already beginning to hope that soon we may get Goldsmith. The fare is so good, that, like Oliver, I find myself asking for more. G. F. H.



THE GREATEST DOG-ACTOR: RIN-TIN-TIN, FEATURED IN "WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS."

Rin-Tin-Tin is the wonderful Alsatian dog-actor, featured in the film, "Where the North Begins" at various picture theatres. This amazing animal was born in the war, his parents being two dogs captured from the Germans near Metz. Rin-Tin-Tin and his sister Nanette were given to Lee Duncan, of the 135th U.S.A. Air Squadron, and the former received his training in California. His performance in "Where the North Begins" is little short of marvellous.

power and freedom; but that was in the anthropoid stage. Ever since, the ages have witnessed a steady degeneration. He has become an adding machine, an automaton acting according to rigid conventions. His intellect has been prostrated into mechanics. He has ceased to live, to create, to do. He is a mere cypher in a ledger. Mr. Zero is the digit of business. A series of seven snapshots reveals the Odyssey of his mental existence. He travels from earth to heaven and down to hell. The woman knows. She is more elemental. She cares far less for what the world may say. Yet she, too, is a cypher, hag-ridden by convention. We listen to their thoughts—brutal, indecent, vapid, illuminating. Elmer Rice tears off every rag to reveal their spiritual nakedness. The

# America Successfully Invaded: English Artists in N'York.



1. TAKING OFF THE CLASSIC CONCERT SINGER: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN "THE LONDON REVUE OF 1924"—IN AMERICA.
2. "LIMEHOUSE BLUES" TO CHARM NEW YORKERS: MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE IN THE CHARLOT REVUE AT THE TIMES SQUARE.



During the last few years we have heard so much about the American stage favourites who come over to this country and charm London audiences, that it is good news that artists from Great Britain sometimes return the compliment and visit the States successfully. Our page shows two of the leading members of the cast of André Charlot's Revue of 1924, which is now running at the Times Square Theatre, and rousing

great enthusiasm. At the moment Mr. Jack Buchanan is playing the chief comedian's rôle; but he will return to this country at the end of April, and Mr. Nelson Keys will take his place. Our photographs show Miss Beatrice Lillie—whom the Americans find particularly enchanting—taking off the comic, "village-hall" concert singer; and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, one of the cleverest of our revue artists, in her Chinese number, "Limehouse Blues."

Photographs by White Studio.



# Films of the Moment: No. XI. "Long Live the King."



LIEUTENANT "NIKKY" ARRIVES IN TIME TO SAVE THE CROWN PRINCE:  
JACKIE COOGAN AND ALAN FORREST IN THE CELLAR BATTLE.



THE LITTLE ROYAL PRINCE OF LAVONIA: JACKIE COOGAN  
IN HIS LATEST RÔLE.



WEARIED WITH THE LENGTHY CORONATION CEREMONIES: JACKIE COOGAN  
AS THE BABY KING ASLEEP ON HIS THRONE.

"Long Live the King," the new Metro picture, which was shown for the first time on Monday last, the 24th, at the Tivoli, offers a perfect rôle for Jackie Coogan, the wonderful child actor of the screen world. He plays the part of the baby Crown Prince Otto of Lavonia—a Balkan kingdom of romantic fiction—who is the centre of political intrigues. Otto is bored with Court ceremonial, and sometimes succeeds in stealing away to play with his American friend, Bobby. On one of these ex-



THE PUGNACIOUS BABY PRINCE: JACKIE COOGAN SURPRISES  
AN INTRUDER.

cursions he is nearly captured by Black Humbert, the conspirator; but after a battle in a cellar, Lieutenant Nikky, the Prince's attendant, saves him. The little Prince becomes King of Lavonia on the death of his aged grandfather, and the coronation ceremonies give Jackie Coogan every advantage to display his extraordinary talents. The love story of Hedwig (Miss Ruth Renwick) and Nikky (Mr. Alan Forrest) is an important part of the plot.

# Tommy – Not Chee·kee!



ADMONISHING HER FAVOURITE PEKE : MISS SYLVIA HAWKES.

Miss Sylvia Hawkes, who is one of the charming artists to be seen at the Midnight Follies of the Metropole, is shown in our photographic study with her favourite Peke, who goes by the purely British

name of Tommy. He has, however, been studying the escapades of Chee-kee, the intimate of the irrepressible Bonzo, and will, we hope, benefit by the lecture he is receiving!

*Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.*



# The Way Round Paris: People in Paris.

**The "Stars" Go Into Trade.** Although some of them write plays, actors appear, on the whole, to be satisfied with one profession. It is actresses who—in Paris at least—invest their savings by running some business or other quite unconnected with the theatre. Sometimes it is a farm, sometimes an antiquity shop. Marthe Regnier has recently opened a magnificent modiste's establishment; and I hear that Mistinguett, who will have made another million—in francs—after her American tour at a salary of four thousand dollars a week and expenses paid, is fired by a similar ambition, and is looking out for a dress-making house to buy. There is one actor, however, who thinks of going into business, and that is Georges Milton, the comedian, who is entirely French, in spite of his English-sounding name. He has recently acquired a motor garage.

## Water in the Air.

be the fashion this season at the Paris music-halls, for variety managers have their fashions, like pretty women; and when one successful house does a thing, the others must do it too. Consequently, those halls which are not yet fitted with a tank are busy arranging to have one put in. The Folies Bergère is getting one ready, which is to be bigger than that of its rival, the Casino de Paris; and the others will no doubt have to follow suit. How did the fashion begin? Perhaps it was the scandal over the millions—francs again—that have been squandered on the new municipal swimming-bath of Les Tourelles. Perhaps it was the Olympic Games. In any case, water is in the air.

## The Latest Peace.

Clemenceau was the last of the great duellist Prime Ministers of France; and when, the other day, M. Poincaré sent his seconds to M. le Provost de Launay, nobody thought the fight would really take place. They were right. The matter was arranged. However, the very fact that the idea of the head of the Government taking the field, rapier in hand, is now considered to be rather absurd, and by no means to be allowed, made the arrangement rather difficult for M. Poincaré's seconds, who were M. Maginot, Minister for War, and M. Sarraut, Minister for the Colonies. For, as he knew a settlement was inevitable, it was all the more difficult to persuade M. le Provost de Launay to withdraw anything that he had said. However, he also was in the hands of his seconds, and the four gentlemen came duly to terms.

## The "Bal Travesti" of To-Day.

The recent revival of masked balls at the Opera has provoked a lot of rather vague talk about renewing the splendours of the *bals masqués* of the early nineteenth century; but I doubt whether, if we could see them, we should consider them to be so very wonderful after all. They were held in the little old opera-house which preceded Garnier's noble building; they were rather dimly lit by candles, and neither the richness of the costumes nor the numbers of the dancers would have impressed us much to-day. On the other hand, an habituë of the Opera balls of the period of Gavarni's drawings would probably have been very much impressed if he could have been present at the Shrove Tuesday Opera ball, although, perhaps, he might not have enjoyed himself so light-heartedly as he did in the old days. He would have seen Guards in sixteenth-century costume leaning on halberds and lining the grand staircase. He would have been dazzled by the searchlights to which we have now



always inevitable revenge. It was certain that the fashion, carried to excess as it was, would come to a sudden end, and that end has arrived. In Paris at any rate, to be in the movement, you must no longer be shingled. You must leave that to chambermaids and the wives of war profiteers. But hair will not grow so quickly as you can cut it. So the turn has come now, not only of the husbands who can say, "I told you so," but of the hairdressers, whose art is now being called in to make good in a week the ravages which Nature will need at least a year to repair. Of course, the hairdressers knew quite well what they were doing all the time. They did not charge much for the cutting; but who knows whether they are not now selling at a high price, made up as a chignon or an invisible transformation carefully matched, the very locks which they cut off a few months ago?

## The Latest Invasion.

Parisians who have come back from the Riviera are eloquent about the way in which Frenchmen are being crowded out by foreigners all along the coast. Some of the most violently nationalist object to the English and Americans, although I do not think that normally minded people are very much disturbed by the fact that Cannes has virtually become a British colony. The German invasion of Nice is, however, another matter, and vigorous efforts are being made to stem the flood. At the beginning of the season the Germans described themselves as Czecho-



INCLUDING THE FORTUNATE STAGE CELEBRITIES WHO SURVIVED THE TRAIN ACCIDENT: SIR FRANCIS TOWLE, MR. McLELLAN, MISS YVONNE ARNAUD, MRS. FERNEAUX, MISS HEATHER THATCHER, MISS TOWLE, AND MR. LESLIE HENSON ON THE MONT AGEL GOLF COURSE.

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. Leslie Henson, who were among the fortunate survivors of the terrible railway accident in France, are now enjoying a holiday on the Riviera. Miss Yvonne Arnaud is the charming artist who was last seen in "Tons of Money."—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

grown accustomed on such occasions. He would have noticed that modern fancy dress, in addition to gorgeous and expensive costumes, requires a conscientious painting of the face to the appropriate colour. If he had wanted expert advice on the matter, he could have consulted Sem, the caricaturist, who was present in the box of Henri Letellier, the wealthy director of the *Journal*; or Sarluis, the painter, who was also present. And if he had wanted examples from among the smartest men in Paris, he could have chosen Ballot-Baupré, whose face was painted red; Guillot de Saix, with his beard dyed blue, to enable him to represent the hero of the fairy-story; or Marcel Lacapère, with a yellow make-up to go with his Chinese costume. I doubt whether they were so artistically thorough under Grévin.

## The End of the Shingle.

The husbands who objected to their wives shingling their hair, and who were not obeyed, will now have their just and

Slovaks, or Belgians, or Russians. Now it is the other way round, and if you are a Czecho-Slovak you pretend to be a German, if you want to be well served by the German waiters. In one hotel there is even said to be a noble Prussian family who are waited upon by servants in their own princely livery; and the Germans are buying villas and tennis-courts, although it is not yet suggested that they are cementing any of the latter as gun-platforms. The protagonist of the opposition to this movement is M. Donadei, who was formerly a Deputy, and already owns several hotels in Nice. He is trying to organise all the hotels of the town on a co-operative system, as is done in Italy, and his plans include extensive alterations in the laying out of the streets of the town. It all sounds very ambitious; but as he bought most of the block of which the Viel Restaurant in the Boulevard de la Madeleine in Paris forms part, and proposes to build a great Palais des Fêtes on the site, his schemes for Nice may not be too grandiose after all. BOULEVARDIER.

# Humph!



HE: Have you seen "The Camel's Back"?

SHE: Yes. But don't say it so loud—she'll hear you.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



# Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

AS a matter of fact, I could have told anyone that England was going to win the Calcutta Sweep—sorry, I mean Cup—again this year.

England has now beaten Scotland seven times running. Which seems a superfluous way of putting it; because, in a game of Rugger—especially the sort of struggle that the dour Scot puts up against us every year—you can't hope to win unless your side does a lot of running; and one or two individual members of it must do it a wee bit (Scotland for ever!) faster than those on the other side. Probably most of you know this; but I have to think of those who did not receive their education at one of those institutions where they play the game that little Willie Ellis of Rugby School originated when he "took the ball in his arms and ran with it." I do not want to labour the point; let Felix keep on walking—it is a fine exercise, and no doubt suits him. But it is no use on the football field. The Rugger Felix must keep on running all the time.

However, I am digressing. I started by saying that I knew England would beat Scotland again this year—or words to that effect. Of course, this is a slight exaggeration. It was what I saw at the Richmond Athletic Ground on the Friday afternoon previous to the match that made me feel implicit confidence in our team. They were undergoing that little finishing touch to their fitness known as a "run about." Have you ever been present on one of these occasions? No? A pity. For here you have, as it were, a peep behind the scenes; you get a private view of England's fifteen splendid specimens of virility.

And there, too, you will find the selectors casting fond eyes on the creatures of their choice. There seems to be such a delightful understanding—nay, almost affection—between them. They look as if they must go up and stroke them, or run their hands down their tendons; and, as in owners of race-horses, you can see the delight it gives them to know that all are fit and will go to the post in the pink of condition. And, mark you, our selectors in recent years have indeed shown themselves to be sound judges of form. For, with the exception of defeats in Wales in 1919-20 and 1921-22, they have provided England with unbeatable fifteens ever since the season of 1912-13. But, to return to the "run about." The first player I met was the stand-off, E. Myers—a most inapt epithet to apply to such a charming and companionable fellow. He was walking towards me when I first saw him, apparently

wrapped in thought; then, all of a sudden, he dashed off at a tremendous pace in an oblique direction, and was only pulled up by the wall of the grand stand. I said to myself, "Myers will score a try to-morrow; he's thought it all out and is rehearsing it." That try (of which, as you might say, I saw the dress rehearsal) we all saw, and will remember for some time to come. It was a beauty: never have I seen the physical side of human determination so vividly

the foot to it—as they say in France—it would find itself sailing through that space (limitless as regards height, but 18 ft. 6 in. in width) which is called a goal.

And they had the advantage of suggestions from two of the selectors, Major B. C. Hartley—who is known to his friends as "Jock"—and R. F. Oakes, who has taken on the duties since G. C. Robinson's unfortunate illness. These two old Internationals gave such valuable hints regarding the placing of the ball that Luddington kicked some remarkably clever goals as a result. If ever I saw likely-looking winners of the Calcutta Cup, it was at this "run about."

Regarding the match itself, everybody knows that England, maintaining their unbeaten record on the Twickenham ground, defeated Scotland, in the end convincingly, by 19 points to nil. I say "in the end," because it was only in the last quarter of an hour that England showed any marked superiority. During the first quarter of an hour our three-quarters missed enough chances to lose the match. Foozled passes, hanging on to the ball that precious second too long, and a dangerous throwing-about of the ball marked the beginning of the game. Then that Oxo-Scottish three-quarter line got going, and at times looked dangerous. But they, too, seemed unable to put the necessary finish to their attack.

And at this point let me say that I can understand how Scotch spectators—especially those who reside in London and are familiar with his play for the Harlequins—must have cursed bitterly their selectors for leaving out Gracie. With all due respect to the line that represented Scotland at Twickenham, I do not honestly believe that, had the Harlequin been playing, our goal-line would have been uncrossed.

Catcheside still strikes me as a player who, lacking the real Rugger instinct, makes up for the deficiency by clever opportunism. His try in the last few minutes of the match, thrilling as it was to watch, contained a feature thoroughly unorthodox. Wallace had come across to tackle him, and was within an ace of bringing his man down. Catcheside turned round and handed off the Scot in a "Go-away-don't-bother-me-I'm-in-a-hurry" fashion. Scotland's right wing, I. S. Smith, has such interrogatory initials that I feel I must respond, as it were. "Is Smith fast?" seems to be the question. And the answer is: "Like a greyhound." He would have scored but for Chantrell's glorious tackling. But all through the piece England's full-back gave a display well-nigh faultless.



personified. I passed on to the field, where others of the team were busy.

Remembering the France match, and Catcheside's try, I inquired of Harry Rockett, the genial manager, where the jumping-posts had been erected for our unorthodox right-wing three-quarter to practise over. But there was no such provision made for him; nor, to my great disappointment, was there any kind of punching-ball supplied for the use of a certain heavy-weight forward, who—for obvious reasons—shall be nameless.

A. T. Young was practising the job of lying face downwards and coaxing the ball to assume such a position that when REG., P.O., W. E. G. Luddington gave a blow of

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## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

### Strictly Business.

There is no nonsense about Mr. Gilbert Frankau. He is our business novelist. He writes about business men in the assured manner of one who knows what he is talking about, and he is a business man himself. He can tell you offhand how many copies of each of his books have been sold, and where they can be obtained, and the price of each.

They are divided, in a business-like manner, into "prose works" and "poetical works." He has one firm of publishers for the "prose works," and another and quite different firm for the "poetical works." The "prose works" cost so much, and the poetical works so much more. This is as it should be. Poetry, when it really is poetry, should always "come more." You can't dictate poetry. It has to be done slowly and carefully, and in many cases it has to rhyme. Mr. Frankau's poems, therefore, cost twelve shillings and sixpence a volume; or, if you are very rich and mean to deny yourself nothing, you can have the complete set of all the poems in a limited edition for three and a half guineas.

I call that very moderate. Of course, you can get Shakespeare, and Shelley, and Wordsworth, and Tennyson for much less than that, but they were not business men, and now they never will be. Mr. Frankau is trying to redeem us poor authors from the stigma of being children in business.

### "Gerald Cranston's Lady."

The hero of his new novel, one Major Gerald Cranston, D.S.O. (why funk the good old V.C. of all the most popular fiction?), is, as I say, a business man. He has made a certain amount of money—possibly a quarter of a million—before the story opens; but that, of course, is not nearly enough. He wants about two millions. Two millions would bring in a mere hundred thousand a year—two thousand pounds a week. Not much, but just enough to afford a man a little comfort. Yes; two millions will do. He decides to go for two millions.

We meet him on the morning of his wedding. He is going to be married, this super-business man—but not, mark you, for love. No Love for Gerald. Nothing mushy. Nothing to make a man late at the office or any nonsense of that sort. He is marrying for Position. He wants Position and Power. Although he got the D.S.O., he learnt nothing from the war. He still thinks that a fixed Position is important. He wants to be a kind of Business Fort in Mayfair. That is why he is marrying the only daughter of an impoverished Earl. He will give her Money, and she will give him Position. Precisely what Position we are not told. But everybody is treating him with much greater respect than usual because he is going to marry the daughter of an Earl. A nasty one for the Labour Government! If they had seen the porter at the Ritz touching his cap to Gerald!

### His Wedding Morn.

On the morning of his wedding this remarkable man was not seized with stage-fright. Since his part consisted of two words, and he played it all with his back to the audience, I don't see myself why he should have been frightened. And he wasn't.



THE AUTHOR OF "GREAT WATERS": MISS VERE HUTCHINSON, SISTER OF MR. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

Miss Vere Hutchinson—who is the sister of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, of "If Winter Comes" fame—made a great success with her first novel, "Sea Wrack." Her second novel, "Great Waters," was published last week by Jonathan Cape.

Photograph by Mabel Robey.

His brother was frightened at having to be best man, and he had no lines at all! But his brother was a fool. Just an ordinary fool, super-nothing.

This hero was a hero to his valet. The valet took him his tea at two minutes to

on the white-panelled wall," the superman awoke and called "Come!"

Not "Come in," you understand. That would have been a waste of a word. I should have admired him even more had he saved a letter by calling "Yes." But even Gerald couldn't think of everything. He always had said "Come" when anyone knocked at the door, and it was too late to alter.

Now we are in the room and can have a look at him. You don't meet a man every day who says to himself, "I think I'll make a couple of millions." The chances are you have never met such a man, so I advise you to take a good look at this one while you have the chance.

Gerald, Top of. When the valet pressed the button, the room was illumined by the "big alabaster central light." (I hope you realise you're in the Ritz? That in itself should be worth seven-and-sixpence net.) What the valet then saw was a man with "pale china-blue eyes" with "a hint of frosty flame in the pupils of them," and these eyes, at seven in the morning, "shone alert with superabundant health." I mention the time because on page 29, which is after lunch on the same day, they are "tired blue eyes." That is to show you the remarkable changes that occur in the features of supermen. Your eyes would probably be tired at seven in the morning, before you had had your tea, and shining with superabundant health after lunch. Go to, you ordinary, common fellow!

What else did the valet see? He saw close-clipped hair—tawn, touched to auburn where the light caught it—and a large capable hand, and two firm lips that "drained the hot liquid in one steady gulp." I am sorry Gerald did that, because it shakes our faith in his super-sagacity. A man who drains a cup of hot tea in one steady gulp at seven in the morning is either a fool about his stomach or has been over-festive the night before. But he did it, and the valet said never a word.

We haven't quite finished the portrait. He had a lean jaw, a high forehead, an out-jutting chin, and prominent cheek-bones. All these points indicated the born leader—a "poised and dominant individualism" that was out for two million and Position.

Gerald, All of. He now asked for his bath and got out of bed. He asked for his bath in three words—"My bath, Rennie." Here, again, a wasted word. "Bath, Rennie," would have done quite well, or, better still, "Bath." And, if it comes to that, why not "B"? As a matter of fact, the valet ought to have got the bath without any order at all.

Now he is up we can see the kind of figure he possesses. "He stood six-foot-two on arched, well-shapen feet. His legs were powerful, long in the thigh and a trifle bowed with horsemanship." (Very good form to have bowed legs if you can persuade people they were bowed by horsemanship.) "He had a flat back, a low waist-line, and

[Continued overleaf.]



HUNTING HORNS AT A DOG SHOW: THE CANNES ORCHESTRA IN HUNTING KIT DISCOURSING SWEET MUSIC.

One of the attractions at the Cannes Dog Show is the orchestra, which plays hunting music on old-fashioned "curly" hunting horns. The members of this famous band wear huntsmen's kit, and are a great feature of the show.

Photograph by L.N.A.

seven and expected to find his master awake. But his master was not awake. He never woke till seven, so why should he lose two minutes of sleep on his wedding morning? Not he! At seven by the valet's watch, and seven by the "electrically controlled clock

arched, well-shapen feet. His legs were powerful, long in the thigh and a trifle bowed with horsemanship." (Very good form to have bowed legs if you can persuade people they were bowed by horsemanship.) "He had a flat back, a low waist-line, and



*[Continued.]*

narrow hips." The sinews of his neck were "musclcd cords," and his chest was *not* in the style of Tarzan (a rival seller). The shoulders of his body sloped like an athlete's. He had biceps like a boxer. When he walked into the bath-room, it was a marvel how the man controlled his legs. No effort! No thinking out, "Now, which foot shall I



AT MONTE CARLO: LORD MARSHALL OF CHIPSTEAD, WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON. MRS. RANK AND HER HUSBAND.

Lord Marshall of Chipstead has recently been on the Riviera, where our photographer snapped him with his elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Rank, and her husband, Mr. Joseph Arthur Rank.—[Photograph by Navello.]

put first?" Nothing of that sort at all. He just got out of bed and—walked—into—the—bath-room.

**In the Bath-Room.** We have now got him into the bath-room. He has woken up, had his tea, and walked beautifully into the bath-room. No stopping this man!

It was a lavishly fitted bath-room; but by this time you will be used to that. No time wasted on the fittings. Gerald is going to formulate his scheme of life whilst he plies his dumb-bells. He is going to talk to himself for our benefit.

"Marriage should mark a definite point in a man's career. Certainly, mine does. On his marriage, a man ought to take stock of himself. Well, I've done that. I know just where I stand, and just how far I've got to go. Within a thousand or so—reckoning the Cranston Ordinaries at market price—I'm worth a quarter of a million pounds. [Which was the precise sum I guessed.] That's not enough. I want a million at least. Possibly two. That'll only bring in a hundred thousand a year.

"No difficulties there! Anybody with a disciplined brain can get money. Get it straight, too! The difficulty is that I want more than money. I want power. The Lord knows why I should want power—it's natural, perhaps, when one feels one can run things. But, anyway, I do want it. I'll get it, too. But that'll take time. Hermione may help me there—though marrying into the old aristocracy doesn't mean much nowadays. It's the new aristocracy, the plutocrats with titles, who run things. [How swiftly these stories "date."] I'll have to buy a peerage, I suppose. That'll go against the grain—even out of a couple of millions. Not that I'd grudge the money. Money's only counters. It's the principle of the thing I dislike. . . ." So do others, and that's why Gerald is once more behind the times.

### The Morning's Work.

Because a man is going to be married, that is no reason why he should neglect his ordinary business.

The confidential secretary was three and a half minutes late, and got rapped over the knuckles for it. His employer suspected him of having spent a vicious night. Why on earth should a man be three and a half minutes late unless he had spent a vicious night?

None the less, our hero trusted this vicious confidential secretary so thoroughly that he gave the fellow a thousand instructions in five minutes, and allowed him to phrase the letters according to his own sweet wayward fancy:

"Tillotson," he said, "I've decided to buy that house off Park Lane. Fifteen A, Aldford Street. Get on to Trollope's as soon as their office opens. Ask for Mr. Jones. Tell him I'll give him the thirty thousand, provided his client accepts in writing by eleven o'clock this morning. Tell Mr. Jones that if the acceptance is legally binding, I'll pay three thousand deposit at once, and the balance on completion. Write that down, and give me Harrison's report. . . . Hardcastle's coming at ten o'clock with my will. I'll tell him to send you the deeds. The moment he sends them—before, if he sanctions it—instruct Harrison to send out his specifications for tender. Tell him I want to see the estimates. If I'm still away, he must send them on to me. Make it very clear that the thing's urgent. . . . About Cosgrave. That's urgent, too. It's an accountant's job. Write to Sir James Guthrie. . . . Tell Sir James. . . . Take this telegram. . . ."

They went on like this till nine-thirty. A splendid job poor old Tillotson had.

### The Wedding—and After.

There is a long description of the wedding. The church was crowded, of course; but the superman (with the two-word part) remained the superman. The bulk of the faces were hardly known to him, yet "his brain photographed each and every one of them." We can't compete with that, you know, my dear old friend.

And then came Married Life. Not a success. Not wholly. Alleviated by a pink coat, and hunting with the Quorn, and all that. But on page 36 I find Hermione, the daughter of the impoverished Earl, saying "Faugh!" and "Fool!" and again "Fool!" When once a married woman, standing alone by the hearth, begins to say "Faugh!" the worst may be expected.

For more than three hundred pages after she has said this you will be in suspense; but have a little trust in your business novelist.

"And by the light of that love, of those truths and of those splendours, his heart was burnt clean; so that, for him as for her, money had become only a pawn. . . ."

The last few feet of the film are running out. There is only the trade-mark to come. Get your hat, Arthur.

"The Burden." P. 241. "'It was hell,' he said, 'hell!'"

P. 242. "'But . . . damn it all!'"

P. 244. "'You've put the situation in the most damnable way.'"

P. 244. "'Oh! Hell!'"

P. 246. "'People are influenced by what they read.'"

P. 246. "'Good Lord! . . . Damn it!'"

P. 248. "'A wash, a damned good tea, and then . . .'"

P. 250. "'Damn,' said Alan."

P. 251. "'The thing to do is to . . . look dam' tired.'"

P. 253. "'Besides, you admire Shaw. . . . He's an idol of mine.'"

Surely the worshippers are outpacing the worshipped! Perhaps the worshipped will be good enough to introduce a few new oaths into our polite literature.

"Recompence." This, also, is "strong." Even "stronger" than the last. I don't propose to make another list of swear-words. It takes rather a long time, and must be monotonous to read.

These things are a matter of taste. Most men use an occasional expletive when they wish to be emphatic. There are also men who use them every time they open their mouths. You will notice that the ring about them is never very large.

I have no doubt that Mr. Shaw's swear-word was very funny, especially as it had to be spoken by a distinguished actress who was supposed to be unaware that she was saying anything out of the ordinary. But it has become a nuisance. Nearly all the novels written to-day by young novelists have it. Some of them have it again and again and again. It is understood to be very daring and dashing and up to date and strong and literary and altogether the Thing.

I suppose it will die out. People all flocked to the play to hear one word, I am told; but I can't think they will keep on buying books for the sake of it. They must, in time, tire. We shall have to discover some new method of bracing up our novels of Real Life.

Gerald Cranston's Lady. By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Burden. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. (Leonard Parsons; 7s. 6d. net.)

Recompence. By Robert Keable. (Constable; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MADRAS AND HIS FAMILY: THE HON. CICELY GOSCHEN AND THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS BALFOUR (L. TO R., STANDING) AND VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, AND THEIR GRANDSON. Viscount Goschen, C.B.E., has just left England to take up his appointment as Governor of Madras, in succession to Lord Willingdon. His two daughters are the Hon. Cicely Goschen and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour. Mrs. Balfour's marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Campbell Balfour, C.I.E., M.C., the elder son of Lady Frances Balfour (whose remarks about the modern girl have recently roused so much interest) took place in 1920, and she has a small son, Master Eustace Goschen Balfour, who is shown in our photograph, and a little girl, who was born last year.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



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## Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

### Dimming and Dipping.

As lighting-up time gets later and later—thank goodness!—the call on the car's electric accumulators is getting less and less each night. At the same time, the makers of accessories, now the winter is nearly over, keep drawing motorists' attention to various devices to lessen any chance of annoyance to other road-users by high-powered headlights at night-time. So the advertisements of dimming and dipping devices are larger and more insistent than ever, and one cannot pass them by without comment. To either of these two factions of anti-dazzle methods I remark, "Either is better than switching off; but neither is really effective unless the side-lamps are equally rendered anti-glarish." And, as far as I know, only imported U.S.A. cars ever trouble about fitting the side-lamps with a frosted glass or some other type of light-diffuser, in order that these may not dazzle any oncoming traffic. Yet every British manufacturer you talk to is keen on your fitting—as extras, mark you!—some dipping or dimming device on the head-lamps. But in lighting we progress but slowly. It is only a few weeks ago, comparatively, that taxi-cabs licensed in the Metropolitan area were allowed to have electric lights in place of their oil-lamps. I suppose that, now they can roam round our parks like private carriages, their lighting was allowed to shine brighter, for the park roads are not as brilliantly illuminated as many of the by-streets of London.

### Collision Mats More Popular.

Anyway, just to vary the alternatives of dipping and dimming of headlights, Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., have brought out a new electric bulb that will fit any head-lamp of either six volts or twelve volts which has a double filament giving full

or the usual full focus. As many motorists will, no doubt, try them during the next few months, we shall hear all about their virtues and deficiencies in due course. In the meanwhile, I notice that in London more cars are providing themselves with what the Navy calls "collision mats." These are spring buffers fitted fore and aft (to continue the Navy's form of expression), that take the force of end-on shocks either in front or at the rear of the motor carriage. I cannot say that this additional fitment adds to the beauty of any car, but there is no doubt it does lessen the chance of lamps, radiators, front and back axles, rear tanks, etc., being damaged in the hurly-burly of our fashionable thoroughfares. Now, if only drivers would not constantly keep "cutting in" on other vehicles in the line of traffic, little damage would ever occur to any of them. idea of pushing ahead after



### Easy Gun Lubrication.

However, if the lighting of our cars is not yet perfect in the eyes both of the user and the public, the motor manufacturer



AT THE QUAIN BLACKDOWN MILL, LEAMINGTON:  
A 15- AND A 10-H.P. SINGER.

This charming photograph shows the quaint Blackdown Mill, Leamington, with two singers—a 15-h.p. and a 10-h.p.—standing outside it.



IN FRONT OF A TYPICAL OLD ENGLISH INN: A 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LANCHESTER SALOON LIMOUSINE.

This luxuriously modern Lanchester saloon limousine was snapshotted standing in front of the Old White Hart, at Witley—one of the most picturesque of Surrey's old English inns.

or half light, so that it combines both dipping and dimming. Consequently, when this is wired and fitted, you can switch on either a dipping light—as the top half is cut off—

chariot, seem to act as a terrifying menace to other would-be chargers, and so the car thus fitted is allowed peacefully to pursue its course unharmed.

But, with the being held up for some time, a great many drivers seem to imagine they are starting in a race in place of gently voyaging to their destination, and following in the queue until the traffic opens up a bit. The result is dented tanks, scraped wings, and leaking radiators as they push, bang, and thrust through the crowd. Though the collision mats do not save one's carriage from side blows and glancing thrusts, yet their formidable appearance, like the scythes of Boadicea's

whose product is up to date certainly has mastered that unliked though necessary job of lubricating the items comprising the chassis without needing to soil the hands or clothes of the operator. What is termed "gun" lubrication is the modern system, which, put into plain English, means that in place of having to dab lumps of yellow grease or blobs of thick oil into small holes leading to the parts to be lubricated, nowadays one has only to pick up a large-sized squirt which is filled with the lubricant, push its nozzle into the holes that are already made to fit it, and gently push down the handle of this grease-syringe, or "gun," until the particular part has its quota of oil or fatty lubricant. Wise folk will not buy cars that do not have either self-lubricating bearings like the Riley or else a "gun" system of oiling the chassis. Visitors to London during the Wembley British Empire Exhibition will be able to see in the building styled the Palace of Engineering all the best types of British motor vehicles, with their various forms of chassis lubrication, during the whole of the summer. Whether they will find at the exhibit arranged by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders anyone intelligent enough to explain the different systems when they inspect the various cars will depend a good deal upon luck. If they have good luck, they may hit on a man who can tell them without having to refer to any individual maker's catalogue—which gives precious small comfort; and if they are unfortunate they will be little wiser after inspection than before—as these things are not apparent to the casual observer. Still, let us all hope for the best.





# Some Weird Golf Shots.

By R. Endersby Howard.



**Consolation.** Certain of the shots that one sees on the links are wonderful in their excellence; others are almost weird as examples of misadventure. I have come to the conclusion that, so far as the onlooker is concerned, the latter are the more consoling. A great stroke by a great player is a fine sight. It demonstrates the possibilities of the game. But there are possibilities at the other end of the scale, and, so far as the average golfer is concerned, they are the contingencies most likely to become accomplished facts in his personal doings. Why, then, should we not treasure recollections of woefully disastrous shots by other people? They may come in useful at any time for comparison with our own unusually bad exhibitions.

**Greatest Golfer's Nine.** I really think there is an immense amount of secret satisfaction when a champion makes as bad a bungle of a hole as any 24-handicap player might do. It is a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. I remember being at Muswell Hill when Harry Vardon (then open champion and about as good a golfer as anybody could hope to be) took nine for a simple little drive-and-pitch hole in an exhibition match. He got into a ditch, and needed seven shots to reach the green. How excited and refreshed the members looked! This was something like a spasm of the punishment which they expected to suffer—and did suffer—from time to time. The ditch was photographed from every point of the compass. They may have had much sympathy with the player, but they were also able to recall proud days when they had done that hole in four, and perhaps they had had an occasional three at it. Yes; they could play golf like the best when they felt in the mood. And Vardon could play like the worst when things went badly. He could take nine at a drive-and-pitch hole. They too had totalled something like nine for it in periods of adversity. A funny game, golf.

**Bunkered off His Putt.** It is pleasant, after all, to think that we are all fallible on occasion. When James Braid won the open championship in manner so magnificent at Prestwick in 1908 he did a thing in the qualifying round that the longest of long-handicap players would have felt like kicking himself for doing. Braid was nicely on a green in two, about fifteen yards short of the hole, which was cut five yards from the bunker guarding the back of the green. Braid putted—and went into the hazard. Bunkered off his putt! He had to take his niblick and hack his way back to the green.

**Retrogression.** That wonderfully fine all-round athlete, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, who rose to Cabinet rank as

Secretary for the Colonies during his Parliamentary career, was a very good golfer. He had a handicap of three in the Royal and Ancient Club. But this standard of skill did not save him from being the central figure in one of the queerest misadventures ever suffered by a golfer at St. Andrews. It happened at the first hole. Mr. Lyttelton made a mess of his drive; it did not go very far, and it was badly sliced. The consequence was that he had to play his second shot from a spot immediately behind one of the iron seats that stand close to the fore-shore on the right-hand side of the course. He made a terrific swipe and hit the seat full, with the result that the ball rebounded past the club-house and left him to take his

of rain had fallen, and the course was more than usually soft. Our hero was not a good player, and in executing a full bang with his mashie he was guilty of the common fault of looking up before the club-head reached the ball. The consequence was that he raised an enormous divot. He felt satisfied that he had struck the ball, but nowhere could he see it. High and low he sought without success. In due course came the explanation; let us hope that it brought balm to his soul. He had missed the globe, and the ponderous divot which he had extracted had neatly turned over on to the ball, obscuring it from view. The moral of this story is that, if you always replace the divots, even when you are without a caddie, you at least will not lose the ball if you happen to miss the globe.

## Catching the Express.

It was in the amateur championship at Prestwick, some years ago, that Mr. D. Stanley Froy, of the London Scottish Club, made a drive from the first tee which positively did not stop until it got to Glasgow. As all who know their Prestwick are aware, the opening hole runs alongside the railway. Many are the shots sliced over the wall and on to the track. Mr. Stanley Froy was one of the sinners that day; but he was more distinguished than the others, because his ball made straight for a passing train, dived through an open window, and came to rest in a first-class compartment—being a rather particular sort of ball. It had caught the express to Glasgow; and, if the railway had not been out of bounds, there can be no question that Mr. Stanley Froy, in order to satisfy his conscience in the matter of playing his ball wherever it chanced to alight, would have had to hit it back from Glasgow to Prestwick. Fancy getting to Troon with 150 shots left to do a steady 2000!

## A Hole in 123.

Perseverance, obstinacy—call it what you will—leads some players to extraordinary lengths, to say nothing of the compilation of some extraordinary scores. There is a story, and it has the merit of being true, of a player who took 123 for one particular hole. It was on a course in Hertfordshire. The hole was a short one, but the green was placed at the top of a steep hill. In dry weather, it was absolutely necessary to put the ball on the green from the tee, or it would roll back to its starting point. The player in question essayed the task. He failed, not once, but time after time. His efforts to reach the plateau soon developed from a test of skill into a test of physical endurance. Try as he would, he could not reach the top where safety lay. As fast as he played the shot, his ball came running back to him with a persistency that was positively heart-breaking. But he succeeded at last, and holed out in 123. It is probable that this golfer holds the record for the highest score for any one hole.



A RECENTLY ENGAGED PAIR: LADY MOYRA DAWSON-DAMER AND CAPTAIN J. B. P. FITZGERALD.

The engagement of Lady Moyra Dawson-Damer, youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portarlington, and of Louisa Viscountess Portman, to Captain J. B. P. Fitzgerald, of Mondellihy, Adare, Co. Limerick, has recently been announced.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

third shot close to the Martyrs' Memorial, a hundred yards behind the tee from which he had started. The story might have been improved by his ball coming to rest behind the memorial, and his third shot hitting that obelisk with such force as to recoil another 150 yards away from the proper scene of operations, but we will leave it without embellishment.

## Replace the Divots!

At South Herts they tell a tale of a man who once lost his ball without hitting it. The affair happened in this wise: A lot



**E**ASING off a little, now. . . . Nevertheless, his grip on the reins is tight as ever . . .

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Small Brims  
are seen  
on  
Spring Hats.

Piquant  
Hats  
of Pedal  
Straw.



Here is a delightful trio of Reslaw hats. The "hussar" toque in the centre is of black georgette trimmed with dove-grey feathers; and below are two attractive models in fine pedal straw. The one on the left is trimmed with a gay cockade of ribbon, and the other with soft crêpe-de-Chine in artistic colourings. On application to 2, Cripplegate Buildings, E.C., Paul Walser and Company will be pleased to advise readers where these Reslaw hats may be obtained.

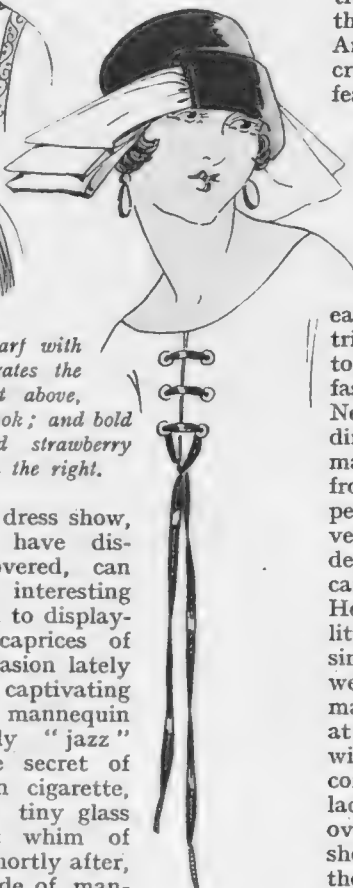
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO.

# WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



A quaint woollen scarf with silken fringes decorates the attractive Condor hat above, made of nigger bangkok; and bold "fans" of crushed strawberry ribbon the one on the right.



## Frivolities and Feathers.

A dress show, I have discovered, can teach one many interesting lessons in addition to displaying the newest caprices of fashion. On one occasion lately I was initiated by a captivating shingled French mannequin (clad in distinctly "jazz" pyjamas) into the secret of perfuming my own cigarette, with the aid of a tiny glass phial—the latest whim of versatile Paris. Shortly after, a visit to the parade of mannequins at Bradley's, Chepstow Place, W., considerably enlightened my ignorance of the many entrancing uses of ostrich feathers, hitherto associated chiefly with hats or fans, and now an accessory of the utmost importance. With one straight frock of white marocain, innocent of all decoration other than an openwork hem of metallic embroidery, was worn a long scarf composed

entirely of ostrich feathers, one end trailing gracefully down the back, and the other carried loosely over one arm. Another simple affair of white plissé crêpe-de-Chine boasted a deep ostrich-feather flounce following the lines of a godet flare, and narrow fringes of it were introduced in many suits and coats.

## Bridesmaids' Bouquets of Spring Flowers.

A white-and-silver bride, attended by two small maidens carrying pretty baskets filled with early primroses and violets, contributed a spring-like atmosphere to the interesting parade of fashions at Mme. Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W. The wedding dress was of white crêpe marocain, perfectly straight, the front being richly embroidered with pearls and crystals, while the long, flowing veil was secured by bands of silver embroidery designed like a Grecian head-dress. The bride carried a sheaf of delicately tinted orchids. Her two small bridesmaids wore charming little frocks of periwinkle-blue georgette as simple as the flowers they carried. They were bordered with ruching of the same material, and narrow bands of it appeared at intervals down the front, each finished with a tiny pink rosebud. The picture was completed by demure Dutch caps of silver lace boasting clusters of tiny pink rosebuds over each ear. Diminutive mannequins also showed some fascinating children's frocks of the same genre, carried out in organdie with tiny picot-edged frills. A novel alliance of the new "lingerie" gilet and collar was introduced in one model of fawn marocain christened "Nell Gwynne." The pointed gilet was composed of rows of narrow lace which gradually developed into a berthe forming the top of the dress, and even, eventually, the tiny chemise sleeves.

## Trimmings of Ribbon and Wool.

The shop-windows are gay with multitudes of spring hats in every hue, and foremost amongst them are the famous Condor variety, which can always be distinguished, I think, by their attractive shapes and lovely colourings. The quartet pictured on this page are certainly no exception to this rule. On the extreme left is a shady nigger bangkok, round which is swathed a quaint woollen scarf in blended tones of orange, red, and brown. It is completed by a long silken fringe; while the becoming toque of black taffeta boasts stiff "fans" of crushed-strawberry-coloured ribbon as its sole adornment. On the right is a chic highwayman's shape of black pedal straw, decorated with a tiny bird whose long tail of orange and black stands gaily erect with an amusing air of bravado. In complete contrast comes the shady picture hat with a wide sweeping brim of taffeta and a crown of soft crinoline. The large "chou" at the side is composed of loops of ribbon, shaded from shell-pink to a deep-fuchsia nuance. These fascinating Condor models can be obtained from all milliners and outfitters of prestige; but, should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to the manufacturers at Barbican, E.C.

## Spring Outfits for Little Folk.

Surely no one could resist the wiles of the two small people pictured on this page, one dressed in sturdy holland "rompers,"



This sturdy little personage is wearing a comfortable romper suit of brown holland, designed by Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.



Two fascinating Condor models for the spring. A large "chou" of shaded ribbon completes the shady hat of crinoline straw above; and the "highwayman" shape on the left is adorned with a tiny bird flaunting a long tail of orange and black.

and the other in a captivating frock of cherry-and-white plissé crêpe-de-Chine, decorated with tiny silk roses? These practical outfits are obtainable at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., where the rompers may be secured for 5s. 11d. in all sizes, and the frock for 29s. 6d.; size, eighteen inches. Then there are checked zephyr frocks, complete with knickers, from 5s. 11d.; and crawlers of washing crêpe, gay with pictured Bonzos and nursery rhymes, for 3s. 11d. Delightful Hungarian hand-embroidered frocks of white crêpe and voile range from 13s. 9d.; and useful little woollen capes to wear over light summer dresses are from 12s. 9d. A cosy baby's outfit comprising a knitted coat and cap can be secured for the modest sum of 8s. 11d.; and children's woollen cardigans are priced at 15s. 9d.

[Continued overleaf.]



Olive Hewerdine.

Cherry and white plissé crêpe-de-Chine makes this attractive little maiden's frock. It must be placed to the credit of Harrods.



## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

## Russian Embroidery in Woollen Suits.

A striking border of Russian embroidery introducing black, white, and a dull-rust shade has been used to decorate the attractive white coat and skirt of a soft woollen fabric pictured below. I discovered it in

creations is to be found a wonderful frock of heavy black artificial silk, perfectly straight, and richly embroidered with gold-and-silver tinsel in an Egyptian design, for 10½ guineas; while delightful suits of fancy bouclette range from 6½ guineas. A very attractive and useful model is a well-tailored short coat and wrap-over skirt built of suedine—a new knitted fabric with the soft, velvety surface of fine suède. It is bound with braid, and is expressed in a misty-blue nuance boasting effective stencilled and embroidered designs in russet tints, the cost being only 7½ guineas. Then there are some delightful wrap coats for tennis and the Riviera, gaily embroidered in every hue on a knitted woollen background. Some are edged with deep borders of clipped wool, achieving the becoming appearance of soft fur. Artificial silk and cotton is a new alliance introduced in several attractive suits. It is delightfully cool and light for warm days.

## The New Mackintosh.

It is not so very long ago since mackintoshes were necessary evils—heavy, unwieldy garments with no grace and little ventilation. But to-day I think a light silk mackintosh, such as the one pictured on this page, is one of the most attractive items of our wardrobes, especially when it comes from Elvery's, Conduit Street, W. Their new 1924 Featherweight silk mackintoshes are obtainable in several designs and colourings, including burnt-red, mole, verdigris, and tabac. Completed with a neat envelope case to match, the price is 3½ guineas; and comfortable pull-on hats, which can be adjusted to every shape, are 12s. 6d. Then there are delightful new satin waterproofs for 5½ guineas, with large hoods, which may be quickly adjusted without disarranging the most elaborate hat. I need hardly add that Elvery's is the home of perfectly tailored travelling wraps and coats for race-meetings, in soft blanket cloth, for 6 guineas; and in West of England covert coating for 98s. 6d., completed with practical inside pockets.

## A Book of Tailored Shirts and Jumpers.

The knitted jumper, which reigned supreme only two years ago, has suffered a severe eclipse. Neat over-blouses and well-tailored shirts will, we are told, be worn with tailor-made costumes this spring; and for our guidance, Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., have issued an illustrated brochure giving full particulars of the new modes. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. There are perfectly fitting shirt-jumpers in spun crêpe-de-Chine, buttoning on the hips, and boasting a hand-embroidered monogram and fashionable inlet pockets, for 59s. 6d.; and others of heavy washing crêpe-de-Chine in novel designs and colourings, cut in the becoming double-breasted style, for the same amount. An exceedingly useful garment for tennis, golf, or bridge is a reversible shirt-coat in double crêpe-de-Chine of two tones. The price is 79s. 6d., and it may be obtained in practically every artistic blending of colours. Then there are well-tailored shirts in spun silk obtainable for 29s. 6d.; or shirt jumpers of crêpe-de-Chine costing the same amount. These are finished with long roll collars and soft ties, and may be worn either inside or outside the skirt, as preferred.

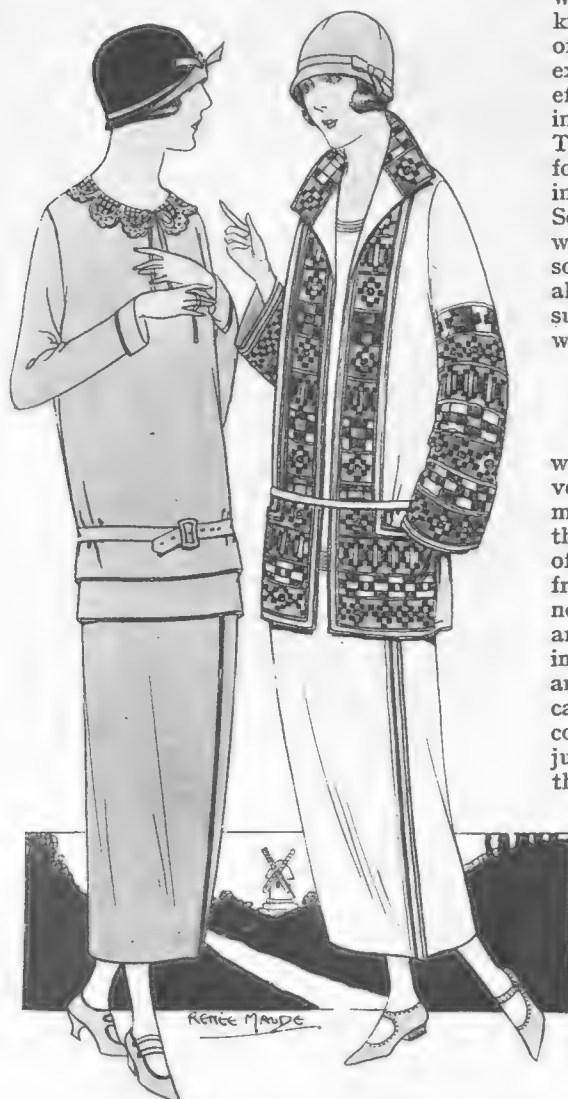
## A Kiddies' Painting-Catalogue.

Small folk of all ages will surely revel in the gay painting-book offered by Gorrings's, Buckingham Palace

Road, S.W., which also fulfils the useful mission of a children's spring catalogue. It illustrates every delightful and practical fashion for the outfits of small boys between the ages of three and ten. To any reader who applies, mentioning the name of this paper, a copy will be sent, gratis and post free. It includes the Roy suit for boys between 2½ and 4 years-old, comprising a tunic and knickers in white haircord, hand-smocked and embroidered in any shade. The price is 17s. 6d.; and 24s. secures the practical Owen outfit, with real linen knickers buttoning Dutch fashion on a pretty zephyr top in a contrasting shade. Then there are light overcoats of every description. The Clive, a neat, tailor-made affair in fine covert coating, is available for 39s. 6d.; and the Ronnie, carried out in gabardine, is 50s. 6d. Another page is devoted to useful shady hats, and real Panamas can be secured for 10s. 6d. It must be noted that any models illustrated in this catalogue will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

## An Interesting Invitation.

All readers of this paper are cordially invited to attend the London exhibition of spring and summer models given



Ideal for spring days are these two suits which hail from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W. The one on the left is expressed in chestnut repp, bound with silk braid; and the other in a white woollen fabric, decorated with quaint Russian embroidery.

the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W. (priced at 7½ guineas), and with it the neat little jumper suit on the left, which may be secured for the modest sum of 65s. It is expressed in chestnut-brown repp, bound with braid, and boasts the fashionable wrap-over skirt. There are also most attractive suits of bouclette, with ribbed skirts and plain jumpers, completed with a tiny pocket on which is worked a decorative monogram, for 7 guineas; and useful tailor-made coats and skirts from 3 guineas upwards. In another department I saw hand-made chemise frocks of crêpe-de-Chine, ornamented with drawn-thread work, for 4 guineas; and it must be remembered that this firm make a speciality of studying the needs of the well-developed woman at exceptionally inexpensive prices, skilfully achieving the much-desired slender silhouette.

## Inexpensive Models for Every Occasion.

It is quite a mistake to think that the far-famed models of Jay's, Regent Street, W., lie sadly out of reach of those who are compelled to plan their spring wardrobe on somewhat restricted lines. On the contrary, amongst their new



For showery weather in town or country, the prudent woman arms herself with this attractive silk mackintosh and hat, designed and carried out by Elvery's, Conduit Street, W.

by the well-known house of Dresser, Paris. They are now on view at 39, Old Bond Street, W.

[Continued on page xviii.]

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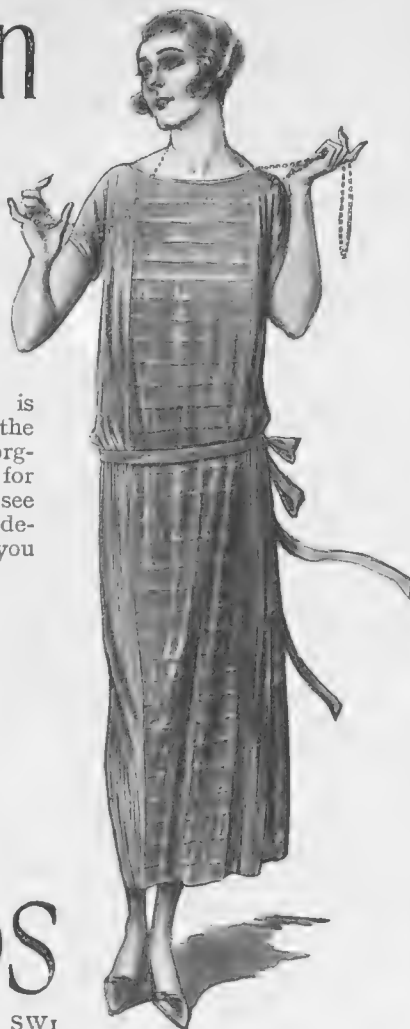
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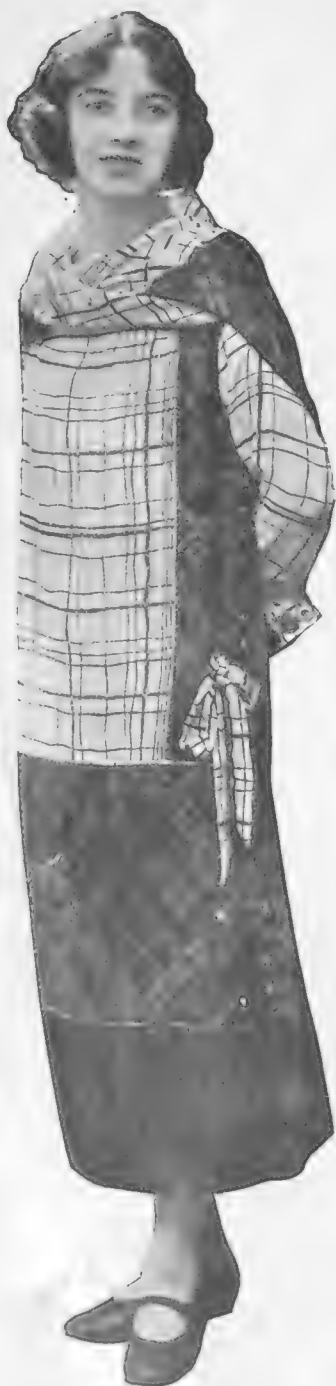
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Miss Helen Saintsbury, who recently appeared in the West-End Production of "Alice Sit by the Fire," is here seen in a Ninette creation having a black and white check top, with the popular scarf effect, and a band of plaid upon a black background. This is typical of Ninette values

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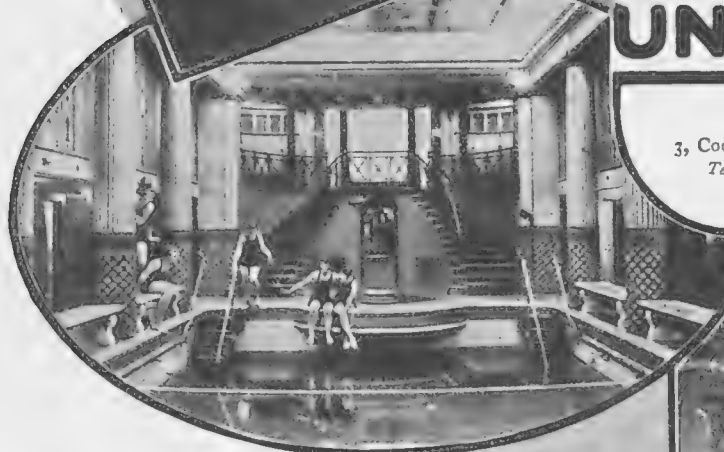
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**SILHOUETTE**

Fashion insists upon slenderness this Season, and as the "Corslo" Silhouette is the most slimming thing that has ever been produced, it is a necessity for every up-to-date woman. For this supremely comfortable garment combines all the necessary undergarments in one, and instead of a separate chemise and knickers and corset, and princess petticoat, with their double sets of shoulder straps and their fourfold thickness of material at the waist—the "Corslo" Silhouette, which slips on, and is adjusted in a moment, just moulds the figure in a single supple softness of satin or tricot. It fastens at the back, under a concealing over-flap, and two central and short whalebones give straightness to the front, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The petticoat part of crepe-de-Chine is laundry pleated, and as the whalebones are removable, and easily replaced (without any unstitching or re-sewing), the "Corslo" Silhouette can be washed like ordinary underwear, while the inner knickers, being detachable, can be changed as often as desired. It is indispensable for trousseaux and tropical outfits.

"CORSLO" SILHOUETTE (as sketch), bust bodice, hip belt, Jupon and Pantalon combined, top part of best quality double satin, buttoned at the back, and boned with two steels in front to support the figure, the two pairs of suspenders attached to the garment are hidden by the knickers; the skirt of heavy laundry pleated crepe-de-Chine. Knickers detachable for washing. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips. In Pink, Black and White.

PRICE

**8 Gns.**

Also in Cotton tricot ... 4½ Gns.  
 Sent on approval.

**Debenham  
 & Freebody.**

Wigmore Street.  
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Patent No. 212313.



Hat of Fancy Yedda Straw, turned up at back, trimmed band and bow of striped ribbon. Colours: nigger, grey, slate, mole, chestnut, saxe, sand, almond green, castor, amethyst, string, navy, and black.

'VERA'

PRICE

25/6

Jenner's pay carriage.

**JENNER'S**  
 PRINCES STREET  
 EDINBURGH

HAVE  
 YOU  
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**ANDRÉ HUGO'S**  
 Bewitching

**"BOBBED VICTORS"**  
 From 63/- the pair?

These create a perfect finish to the Coiffure and are essential for both day and evening wear, as, spreading out over the ears and on to the cheeks, they give that charming "Bobbed" curly effect so greatly admired.

An illustrated Catalogue will be sent under cover, post free, to any lady favouring with a request for same.

**180, Sloane Street, London.**

**Harvey Nichols**  
 of Knightsbridge

**WELL - TAILORED  
 COATS**  
 for  
**Small Women's Wear**

Small Woman's Coat in fine quality wool marocain, cut with new pleats at back, inserted belt at sides, which gives a becoming fullness, and three flounces on front. In navy, black, and all the newest colours.

PRICE

**8½ Gns.**

**VALUE IN HOSE.**

Pure wool Sports Hose, medium weight, ideal for Spring wear. Spliced feet. In camel, beige, grey, silver or covert, with most attractive designs in wool and artificial silk in contrasting colour.

Price per pair **7/11**



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



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W O M E N are in men's situations everywhere. Even in Parliament ! But there's a line which is still drawn. You will never find a man in a pair of women's shoes, and if you find a woman wearing men's it's only on the golf course. Depend on it, she has other pairs which a man wouldn't wear. Indeed, couldn't ! ¶ In men's shoes style must be added to strength, and in women's, service to beauty. At least, that is the belief—and the practice—of the makers of Lotus and Delta shoes—for men and for women.

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SHOES OF STANDING

Prices from 21/- to 50/-

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton.    AGENTS EVERYWHERE





*'As sturdy as a  
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Progressive System of Infant Feeding

This system has been approved by the highest authorities, and to-day more than ever it is recognised by those who know from experience to be the highest standard for Infant Feeding. The 'Allenburys' Foods are pure and free from contamination; they are of the correct character and composition and modified to meet the requirements of infants according to their ages. The 'Allenburys' Foods are prepared at Ware, Hertfordshire, from the pure milk of pedigree cows pastured in the Home Counties.

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## A New Sports Suit

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*Real  
Shetland Wool*

*This charming new  
Spring Sports Suit  
is suitable for  
sports or general  
wear. Available in  
fawn, grey, moorit  
and marl mixtures,  
with a design of  
three softly con-  
trasting colours.  
Jumper, Skirt and  
Coat complete*

**6 Gns**



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HARRODS LTD

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The value of this Tea Frock is quite exceptional. It has been designed to meet the demand for original and practical Tea Frocks at moderate prices. It follows the latest trend of fashion, and is cut with the new long tunic effect and short slim under-dress, and is made from rich quality printed crêpe-de-Chine. The cut, shape and finish is excellent.

TEA SLIP in printed crêpe-de-Chine, cut on new lines with the fashionable tunic effect, pleated each side back and front, finished belt and bound with its own material. In grey, reseda, royal, white, saxe and red.

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the essence  
of refinement

*The ARDLEY Model*  
Rich corded silk for the band and under-brim and ombre coloured quills make an effective contrast to the fine pedal straw of this Jay Model. You will say it is charming when you try it on before the glass.

*The more exclusive milliners everywhere have a range of Jay Hats to show you. They are not expensive. You can always tell whether a hat is a genuine Jay model by looking for the label inside—a picture of a Jay.*

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guarantees to kill the roots of  
**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**

She does not pretend to work a miracle. Superfluous hair roots cannot be killed quickly; it must be done gradually, because any drastic treatment injures the skin and tissue; but anyone who will for a time give a few minutes every day to this treatment can be cured. In the first treatment all existing hairs can be removed and their roots considerably weakened. A permanent cure is begun and it only needs a few minutes' treatment daily to ensure permanency.

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**HOME TREATMENT**, with complete instructions (Postage and packing for abroad 2/6 extra; Ireland 1/6 extra) ... **12/6**  
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## VOGUE & VALUE



"BRIDGET"

A smart short velveteen Coat, perfectly cut and tailored; trimmed silk braid and finished with link fastening. Lined throughout with Broché. In black, navy, and nigger,

Price **42/-**



**GOOCH CHILDREN'S GLOVES**

Children's Wash-Leather Gloves, White & Natural,

1-button and elastic wrist (as sketch).

Sizes 0 to 4, **5/11** per pair.

Postage 2d. extra.



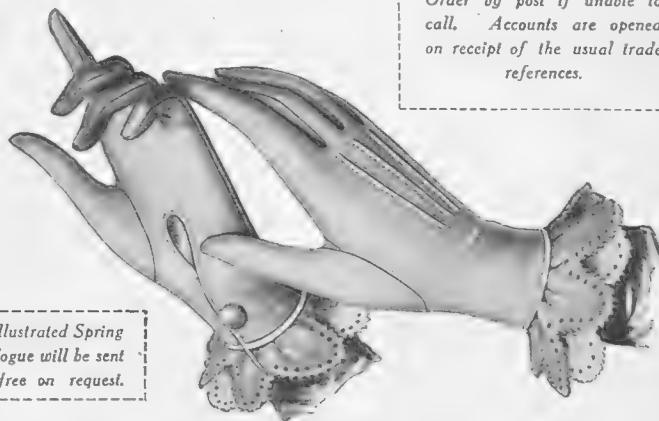
**Washable English Doeskin**

Gloves, in shades of cinnamon and sand. Good fitting, very soft, comfortable to wear.

Price **11/6** per pair.

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Order by post if unable to call. Accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references.



An Illustrated Spring Catalogue will be sent post free on request.

**Dainty Suede Gloves**, contrasting colours at wrist, black/white, drab/pastel, grey/light grey, cinnamon/brown.  
Price **11/9** per pair. Postage 2d. extra.

**GOOCH'S**

**BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.**  
Tube Station: Knightsbridge. Phone: Kensington 5100.





Very fine cinnamon straw makes this charming spring hat with roses of taffetas in shades of apricot and browns with green leaves. It is underlined with taffetas.

A novel close-fitting hat with the front half of nigger straw and the entire back of satin with gracefully draped veil.

Embroidery in various colours with kilting and piping of brown taffeta.

A rich tone of dark red canvas is embroidered in silk and wool.

Hat of black satin with ribbons of moiré and steel ornaments.

This hat of fancy rust silk has satin petals forming the brim.

A very new model made of woven thread of a deep wine colour has ribbon flowers shading from wine to apricot and leaves of brown straw.

# Edelle

30 NEW BOND ST.,  
W. 1

W.H.

## PUT HER ON ROBOLEINE

during the Danger Months of Spring.

**Y**OU cannot buy Health for her, but you can buy something that will *give* her Health—'Roboleine,' the Foremost Reconstructive Food in existence to-day.



'Roboleine' has been prescribed by Medical men and used by Hospitals for OVER SIXTEEN YEARS. Why? BECAUSE 'ROBOLEINE' DOES WHAT WE SAY IT WILL DO—build up healthy tissue and strengthen the nervous system.

### HERE IS THE FORMULA.

Red Bone Marrow from the long bones of Prime Oxen; Jelly from the Rib Bones; Cream of Malt (described by the 'Lancet' as the 'crème de la crème of malt extracts'); Egg Yolk, and Neutralized Lemon Juice.

THE GOVERNOR of the LONDON HOSPITAL says:

*'The effect on some of our anæmic and rickety children has been MAGICAL.'*

Your chemist has it at  
2/-, 3/6 and 6/-

Write for Booklet to OPPENHEIMER, SON & CO., Ltd.,  
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## More about BABERS METHOD of SHOE fitting

BABERS recognise that the foot, regarded as a member to be fitted, is essentially a thing divided into two parts by a hinge which operates at the ball of the foot. As a result they measure the foot, not from heel to toe, but from heel to ball, and fit that part of the foot behind the hinge or ball closely, so as to give support where support is needed. At the same time, however, they allow the toes and toe joints in front of the hinge or ball complete freedom, not so much fitting this part as guarding it. The common practice is to treat the foot as a whole, measuring it from heel to toe, with the almost invariable result that the shoes fitted are too short—the natural hinge of the shoe (*i.e.*, the widest part) not coinciding with the hinge of the foot, but falling short of it, as indicated in diagram "B." This misfitting—which is almost universal—

means that the arch of the foot is not supported underneath and at the side, and foot trouble of one kind or another is practically bound to follow sooner or later. When fitted by Babers method, the natural hinge of the shoe coincides with the hinge of the foot, and the foot is supported under the arch where support is needed. (See diagram "A.") Babers fitted shoes do not need



"breaking in"—they fit the foot, and for that reason are comfortable from the moment they are put on,

and for the same reason maintain their original smart shape and appearance during the whole of their useful life.

(a) A further contributory cause for this failure to fit the foot accurately is because shoes are usually only stocked in two or three widths to each size and half size. Babers stock shoes in as many as eight widths to each size and half size.

Babers will be pleased to demonstrate their method to you at their premises in Oxford Street. You will not be asked to purchase. If you cannot call, but still wish to learn more of Babers method, write for Booklet "T."

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Babers, Ltd., Jersey.

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Hairdressing  
Specialist  
will gladly  
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Salon is  
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## A Charming Coiffure

**THIS COIFFURE** has a natural drawn-through side parting. The soft palm curls are a delightful feature, and the whole is skilfully made with finest naturally wavy hair.

**COMPLETE** from **9 Gns** **TOUPET** for front from **6 Gns**  
**WAVED SIDE CURLS** - each **10/6** **PIN WAVE** - - - - from **12/6**

**THE PERMANENT WAVE.** Where the hair is naturally straight or 'lank,' Harrods system of Permanent Waving is invaluable.

Harrods 'Permanent Waving' imparts to the hair a most delightful appearance that survives brushing, combing and washing. Full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

*Harrods*

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

## Dainty and Attractive C A M I - KNICKERS At Special Prices

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

**CAMI-KNICKERS**, suitable for day or evening wear, an exact copy of a French model, made in pure silk crêpe-de-Chine, long-waisted bodice, with knife-pleated skirt, trimmed panels of fine cream lace, finished shoulder straps of self material. In pink, sky, ivory, yellow, mauve, coral, beige, hyacinth blue and black.

PRICE  
**39/6**

In pure silk georgette. In pink, sky, ivory, beige, orange, coral, hyacinth blue, almond green, mauve, yellow and black ... .. **49/6**

**FRILLED LACE MOB BOUDOIR CAP**  
**18/9**

**Debenham  
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## NICOLL GOWNS

### QUALITY AND VALUE

Good work put into the best materials, with prices fixed on the most reasonable basis consistent therewith.

To carry on a vast business in the centre of Regent Street with any other than up-to-date materials and models is unthinkable, in fact, impossible; but whilst extremes of fashion are catered for, there are numbers of designs moderated to please those who prefer the less advanced modes.

### NICOLL'S IS THE HOUSE

that provides valuable qualities at reasonable charges; rich materials, good workmanship and exquisite taste in colour blendings and dress designs.

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**H. J. NICOLL & CO.  
LTD.**  
**114-120 REGENT STREET W.1**

Rue Tronchet PARIS & John Dalton St. MANCHESTER.

Call and see  
Vickery's fine  
display of  
new Bags  
& Pochettes.



## A Charming Evening Bag

in  
*Beautiful  
Brocade*

lined Silk and  
fitted with  
Mirror,  
Puff Case  
and  
Centre  
Pocket.  
Very  
pretty  
Clasp.

Size 7 in.  
wide  
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Colours of Brocades—

Black and Silver - - -  
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Exclusive design

Only

£3 12 6

Send for Catalogue of Charming Novelties.

**J.C. VICKERY**  
177 to 183  
REGENT ST.  
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*By Appointment  
Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King  
Jeweller to H.M. the Queen  
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All milliners of prestige sell the "PAMELA HAT." If you have any trouble in obtaining them, write for the "PAMELA HAT" PORTFOLIO of sketches of the leading models for this season, and name of nearest agent.

## For Little Ladies!

Yet again this season "PAMELA HATS" remain unrivalled, and each model bestows its own distinctive charm of quality, grace and loveliness upon the youthful wearer. Your milliner can show you the very latest models.

Model 881. Exclusive Mushroom Hat in fancy coloured "P.A.M." Plait. Trimmed faille ribbon round crown tied in artistic bow. Seven varieties of colour. Sizes 20, 21, 22. Ages 3 to 13.

Look for the name "PAMELA" in the head lining  
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# The PAMELA HAT

REGD

Wholesale only—Madame AUBURN, 31 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

# Ess Viotto

is known &  
used by ladies  
throughout  
the world  
for  
whitening  
the hands, &  
beautifying  
the  
complexion.

2/6 4/9 6/9  
per bottle

From Chemists, Perfumers & Stores

**BRONNLEY'S**  
LONDON

## For SPRING WEAR

Delightful  
Short Coat

Embroidered in a  
variety of beautiful  
designs on Velour, Repp  
and Marocain, &c., and  
lined Silk throughout.  
In Tango, Champagne,  
Apple, Fawn, Tan, Grey,  
Mole, Navy,  
Black and  
Ivory.

9 GNS.

**DICKINS  
& JONES LTD.**  
REGENT STREET.  
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Le  
Rouge  
de la  
femme  
comme il faut



A delicate touch of  
colour gives the complex-  
ion that natural bloom  
so characteristic of the  
freshness of youth.

*Rouge invisible Nildé*  
in powder form  
in the sifter box

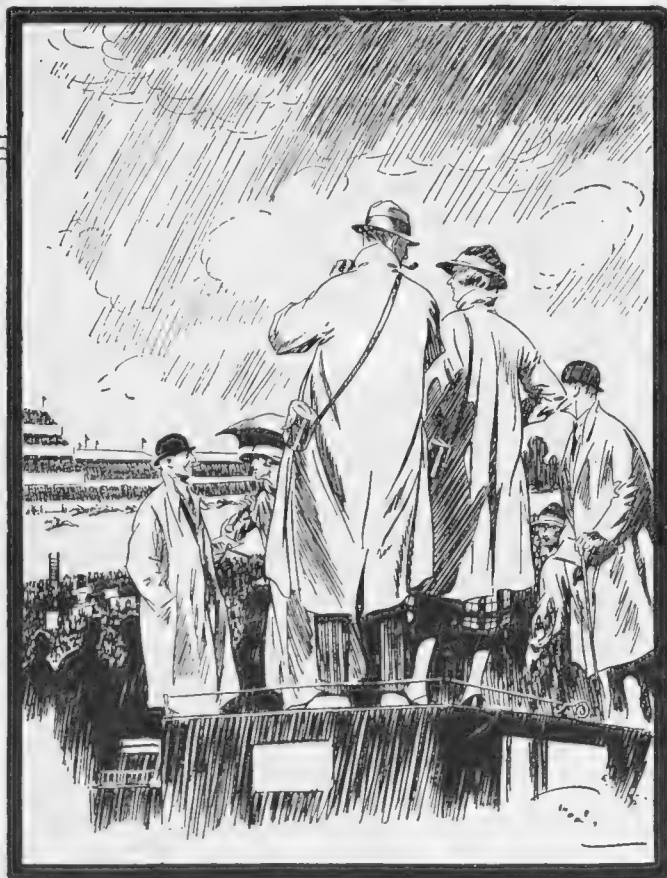
is especially prepared for  
the discreet woman. The  
sifter box absolutely pre-  
vents using too much, and  
renders the colouring un-  
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rouges are far too blatant  
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Every box contains a puff  
Brune or Blonde 1/6

At all good chemists,  
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**NILDÉ, Paris**





Rely on March to come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, and the crafty fellow will reverse the roles. Don't let him bluff you. Don't stir out of the house these many-weathered days without a trusty Zambrene—porous yet proof against wind and rain, light, warm and enduring.

“Zambrene”

(Regd)

for all weathers and all wearers

THE BEST RUBBERLESS RAINCOATS

## Excelsior Shoes for Ladies



Ideals are not always impracticable. The makers of Excelsior Shoes are putting more work into those parts that are hidden than manufacturers of cheaper shoes could possibly afford. This thoroughness ensures lasting shapeliness—long wear—and perfect comfort from the first day. A practical ideal that wearers of Excelsior Shoes alone can appreciate.



*"A Shoe  
of Beauty  
and a Joy  
to Wear."*

**Excelsior**

MODEL 4003.

Dainty Promenade Shoe in New Tobacco Brown Suede, Beaver Suede, Dark Grey Suede, Brown Glace Kid and Patent Leather, Baby Louis Heel.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.



### THE "SOMERS."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Shot' Ribbon Hat, with shady brim. Beautifully light in weight, soft, and will roll up. In silver, rose, tan, gold, Persian blue, and seaweed brown. Price 42/-

New Illustrated Catalogue on application, post free.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved. N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

**ROBERT HEATH**  
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY'S WEAR

# PETER ROBINSON



*Untrimmed  
Hats Dept.  
Ground Floor*

G18. Becoming feather Hat with coronet-shaped band in contrasting tones, almond and tan, red and natural, rust and brown, mole and green, navy and green, royal and natural, havana and natural, or grey and cerise. Also black.

**14/9**



G19. Feather Hat with brim rolling up on one side and smart wing across the back. In black, rust, royal, almond, grey or golden brown.

**15/6**



G17. Good fitting Hat with folded crown in crêpe-de-Chine or marocain, in a good range of new Spring colours, also black.

**27/6**



G20. Useful Hat in good quality satin, in black, navy and nigger **18/9**

*These Hats are not sent on Approval.*

Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford St. & Regent St., W.1



## Any Costume

which has lost its original "freshness" can be made like new again by cleaning and pressing in the "Achille Serre Way." And it costs very little.

The art of "looking well-dressed" consists of making the most of your resources, and the help of the expert cleaner and dyer means a lot to a wise woman. Write for a copy of "Milady's Dress"—illustrated by Norman Keene—which tells you all about our Service, and gives a list of Prices and Branch addresses.

## Achille Serre Ltd.

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**WALPOLES**  
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

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SB93.

### "WALPOLE" JUMPER IN HEAVY QUALITY CRÊPE - DE - CHINE

Very attractive with the new shape Peter Pan collar, lacing at front and on hips to match. Perfectly cut and finished by our own workers, this model will give lasting satisfaction. In Champagne and Ivory. Sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48 in.

Price

**59/6**

*We Pay Carriage  
to all addresses  
in British Isles.*



SB93.

NEW SPRING RANGE.

LADIES GOING TO TROPICAL COUNTRIES will find in our Show-rooms a charming selection of Silk and Cotton Washing Frocks at moderate prices.



*Just behind the ears.*

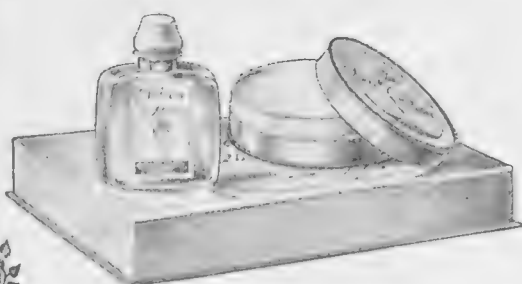
Never overlook the final touch of *Ashes of Roses* Perfume before dinner or the dance — it means so much.

*Ashes of Roses* Perfume

(BOURJOIS-PARIS)

breathes of refinement. It is fresh and fragrant as the morning air in a summer rose garden. Never has Paris given a Perfume of such delicate fragrance and entrancing charm as *Ashes of Roses*.

Price 7/6 and 10/6 per bottle, from all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores.



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When this beautiful presentation case of Perfume and Face Powder will be sent to you post free.

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## GOOCHS VOGUE & VALUE

These smart little Gooch frocks of fine serge, well-cut and inexpensive, are specially recommended for School wear. They will give long service, and look well to the very end.

Goochs offer the widest choice of Children's Clothing in Town. Call and see our new Spring designs.



No. 1. Frock in Fine Navy Serge, prettily trimmed with mahogany colour braid. Collar at back in cream linen. In sizes 28, 30, and 33 inch. **47/6**

Rising 2/- each size.

No. 2. Frock in Navy Serge, trimmed with rose stitching and linen collar to match. Finished at neck with black satin bow. Sizes 36, 39, and 42 inch. Price for 36 inch **49/6**

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No. 3. Frock in Navy Serge, finished with white crêpe-de-Chine collar and cuffs. The pockets, buttons on vest, and embroidery on collar, are in a pretty shade of cinnamon. This model may be copied in any colourings to order. **59/6**

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Order by post if unable to call. Accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references.

BROMPTON ROAD

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

**GOOCHS**  
Ltd

LONDON, S.W. 3.

Telephone: Kensington 5100.





# "CHARM"

Woman's sweetest attribute

We can do little, if anything, to improve our features, but every woman can possess a complexion so charming, smooth, soft and transparently fresh as to be very nearly perfect.

The secret is the regular use of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, which makes the skin velvety to the touch and far finer and clearer in texture. *Pond's Vanishing Cream* also protects against exposure to weather extremes and eradicates redness and roughness.

*Pond's Cold Cream* should be gently massaged into the face each night. It cleanses, softens and promotes skin-health.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

From all chemists and stores in jars 1/3 and 2/6, and tubes 7d. (hand-bag size) and 1/- The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes 2/6.

POND'S EXTRACT CO. 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.



FREE  
SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Company will send on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream containing a liberal supply.

# Pond's Vanishing Cream

Choose your  
laces from  
the Paton  
range!

Paton's Laces can always be trusted to wear well and to look well. Their smart appearance does not disappear after a few days' wear. The fast dyes and patent tags see to that. Made in various styles and finishes, Paton's Laces are sold by most boot shops, stores and repairers. In case of difficulty in obtaining, write direct to the Mills, giving the name of your boot dealer or store.

**PATON'S**  
**BOOT & SHOE**  
**LACES**

## PRICES

Boot Laces :  
2d., 3d., & 4d. per pair

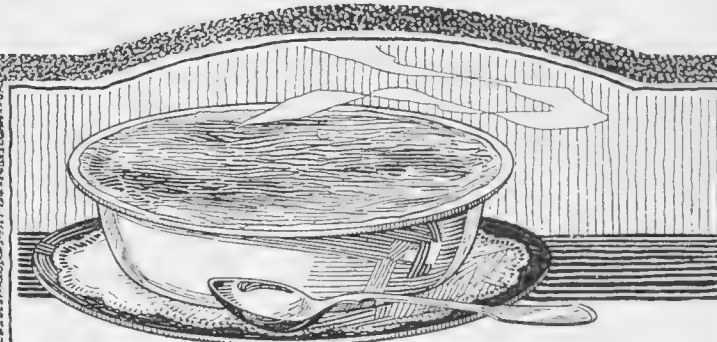
Shoe Laces :  
4d. & 6d. per pair

In Black, Tan, White,  
Nigger and Grey.

Leather Laces :  
4d. & 6d. per pair

WM. PATON, LTD., Johnstone, SCOTLAND.

P15 ①



## A Custard Pudding

made with Brown & Polson's Cornflour, eggs, milk and sugar combines wholesomeness with delicacy of texture and flavour. The cornflour plays an important part in the preparation of this dish, and for this reason, and owing to its excellent quality,

## Brown & Polson's Corn Flour

is invariably preferred. It has its own distinctive and somewhat elusive flavour which is widely appreciated.

1-lb. 9d. ½-lb. 4½d. ¼-lb. 2½d.

Obtain "Simple Home Cookery," beautifully illustrated in colour, containing 70 recipes and many useful hints.

..... POST COUPON TO-DAY .....

Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Boulevard St., London, E.C.4  
I enclose 3d. (stamps) for "Simple Home Cookery."

Name.....

Address.....





"They braced my aunt against a board  
To make her straight and tall.  
They laced her up, they starved her down  
To make her light and small."

"They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
They screwed it up with pins.  
Oh, never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins."

### The modern science of Elizabeth Arden brings sure and natural beauty to every woman

When we read these quaint verses describing the old painful and artificial methods of acquiring good looks, we are more than ever thankful for the sound and easy science developed by Elizabeth Arden. Elizabeth Arden creates beauty simply by creating perfect health in every tissue.

The Elizabeth Arden exercises for Health and Beauty are the foundation of loveliness. For these scientific movements, created especially for women, put every part of the body in happy working order. Beauty is impossible without perfect health. Elizabeth Arden's Exercises develop beautiful proportions, normalize the weight, and stimulate every bodily process which contributes to a clear, healthy skin.

The Arden method of skin treatment is simple and fundamental in every step. The famous Muscle-Strapping, Skin-Toning Treatments make the cheeks smooth and firm by building up the starved muscles beneath. The corrective patting prevents and removes wrinkles, smooths and firms the contours, by strengthening the tissues. And it clears and refines the skin, by stimulating the circulation to carry off poisons which cause eruptions, coarse pores and blackheads, and muddy sallowness.

In fact, Elizabeth Arden simply helps your intended natural loveliness to find itself. Her method is not artifice; it is science.

*If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon to consult her about your problems of good looks, and to enjoy the benefits of her expert Treatments, write describing the characteristics and faults of your complexion. Elizabeth Arden will send you a personal letter of advice on the correct care of your skin, enclosing her book "The Quest of the Beautiful," outlining her scientific method. Ask also for Elizabeth Arden's book on her Exercises for Health and Beauty.*

For a lovely skin, use:

**Venetian Cleansing Cream**—Soft, melting; cleanses deeply and gently; leaves the skin pure and soft. . . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

**Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic**—Tones, firms and whitens the skin; keeps it clear and healthy. . . . 3/6, 8/6, 16/6

**Venetian Special Astringent**—Braces and lifts sagging muscles; strengthens the contours; excellent for flabby chin and throat. . . . 9/6, 17/6, 32/6

**Venetian Pore Cream**—Closes open pores, corrects their laxness, refines the coarsest skin. . . . 4/6

**Elizabeth Arden Exercises for Health and Beauty**—Three double-faced gramophone records, with music and clear commands. Each exercise developed especially for women, to perfect some specific part of the body. Wonderful to normalize the weight, correct sluggishness and depression, develop poise, vitality and a clear skin. Diet form and weight and measurement chart with each set. £2 2s. the set.

**ELIZABETH ARDEN**  
25B OLD BOND ST. LONDON W.  
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*Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at more than 1,000 smart shops all over the world.*



**Miss Olive Sloane,**  
now playing a leading part in "The  
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London, W.C., writes:—

"**F**AR from being the life of ease so many imagine, the life of a film star is a very great mental and physical strain during the creating of a picture. Rushing from one part of the country to another, hurried 'scenes' at all hours, hasty meals and a host of other inconveniences would soon, without some help, wear one out. In my case I have found Phosferine keeps me always tuned up to the pitch of perfection, banishes headaches, prevents 'nerves.' In a sentence, enables me to give my supreme artistry to the perfection of my pictures, and whenever there is a case of either a mental or physical effort, or both, fortified by Phosferine, I can always effectively respond."

Phosferine exercises real and lasting benefit upon everybody's system; it invigorates brain and body naturally, and is given with equally good results to the children as to adults. The advantage of taking Phosferine is immediate—it makes you well and keeps you well.

# PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## Coiffures of the Moment.

It is difficult to keep pace with the ever-changing mirror of Fashion at this season. Bobbed and shingled heads vie with picturesque Grecian modes of dressing the



A becoming coiffure, introducing La Naturelle transformation, created by M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Road, S.W., where expert advice may be obtained on every subject relating to the hair. M. Georges is the creator of the famous La Naturelle transformation, of which one of the many becoming styles is pictured on this page. It is made of natural wavy hair, and can be dressed according to individual wishes. The parting can also be altered at will. Transformations are from 12 guineas, and toupets from 5 guineas; while it is useful to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. A catalogue giving full details and including illustrations of the numberless switches, curls, and small finishing touches designed by M. Georges for the solution of every problem will be sent gratis and post free on application.

## Good Teeth versus Ill-Health.

In these enlightened days, everyone is aware that the condition of the teeth is an important factor upon which depends very largely the general state of health. Obviously, therefore, the greatest care must be taken to use a preparation which will cleanse the teeth and also neutralise any process of fermentation and decay in the mouth. These are qualities which are all to be found in Wright's Coal Tar Dentifrice. It is in powder form, and quickly removes any dull, filmy deposit by the friction. Large 6d. tins are sold everywhere, and their regular use will ensure the much-desired healthy, well-polished teeth which are a universal source of admiration.

A New Hobby! It is certainly surprising to know that in these hard times one has only to ask

in order to receive a delightful gift! Yet an exquisite burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver, or a handsome red-



Surely no one can refuse this handsome red-and-gold Japanese casket, containing delicious chocolates, which is offered to all users of Fry's Breakfast Cocoa.

and - gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer—each filled with a delicious variety of really excellent chocolates—is offered to all users of Fry's Breakfast Cocoa. All that is necessary is to collect the cocoa labels and write to Fry's at Bristol for particulars.



## Tortoiseshell and Sterling Silver

TOILET SERVICE - BEST QUALITY DISTIBLES

## Sheraton Design

HAND MIRROR		Ref.	£ 7 : 10 : 0
HAIR BRUSHES	each		£ 4 : 10 : 0
HAT OR CLOTH BRUSH	each		£ 2 : 10 : 0
BRUSH TRAY			£ 12 : 10 : 0
POWDER JAR			£ 4 : 10 : 0
SCENT BOTTLE			£ 3 : 10 : 0
COMB			£ 1 : 10 : 0

ANY PIECE MAY BE OBTAINED SEPARATELY

This exclusive design is entirely made at the Companies own London Works.

A CATALOGUE WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION.

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd.

London Showrooms: 158-162, Oxford St., W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172, Regent St., W.1.

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The Royal Works

SHEFFIELD.

Branches:

PARIS.

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BUENOS AIRES.





# The New Columbia Grafonola

The Gramophone Advance of the Century

Sir HENRY  
J. WOOD says:—

"I consider this instrument the greatest contribution to the advancement of music since the original invention of the gramophone itself."

Prices from  
£5 10s. to £85

Art Catalogue of the New  
Columbia Grafonola with  
140 pp. Catalogue of  
Records and name of  
nearest dealer post free.—  
COLUMBIA, 102-108,  
Clerkenwell Road,  
London, E.C.1.

Ask to Hear these  
Columbia  
"NEW PROCESS"  
Records

Sir HENRY J. WOOD

Conducting the New Queen's Hall Orchestra  
(Profrs.: Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

L1489 { PHONY (No. 6) (Tschai- } Complete  
L1490 { kowsky) in Eight Parts on } in ART  
L1491 { Four Records (7/6 each). } ALBUM  
L1492 { Descriptive Leaflet free } 30/-  
with Records.

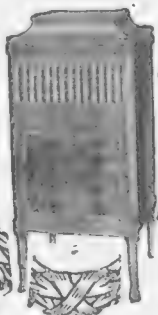
ULYSSES LAPPAS, Tenor

D1455 { Pagliacci: Vesti la Giubba; and } 5/-  
{ No. 1 Pagliacci }

NORMAN ALLIN, Bass

L1504 { Song of the Volga Boatman } 7/6  
{ When a Maiden Takes Your }  
{ Fancy (Il Seraglio) }

The ONLY Records WITHOUT SCRATCH.



Model No. 302

Price £70.



JAY'S LIMITED

REGENT ST. W.1



This illustration shows a charming all-wool one-piece Sports Dress. In may be had in a large range of attractive spring colours with the fancy design worked in white (as sketch). Price 5 gns.

## INEXPENSIVE SILK HOSIERY

of superior make  
with lisle feet and  
tops and open  
clox. In black,  
white, and many  
stylish colours.  
Per pair - 9/6

Jay's Ltd.  
REGENT ST  
W.1.

## BEAUTIFUL USERS of BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS



Miss DOROTHY  
DICKSON

(Photo—E. H. Mills.)  
the charming and  
well-known actress,  
writes:—

Winter Garden  
Theatre, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

I cannot speak too highly  
of your Georgian Soap and  
Shampoo Powder; their per-  
fume is delicious and lasting.  
I think your Beauty Powder,  
too, is excellent, soft, ad-  
hesive, and most fragrant.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY DICKSON

Bristow's Toilet Preparations  
can be obtained from all  
Chemists and Stores through-  
out the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.  
Established 1777.  
Clerkenwell, LONDON  
Perfumers & Makers of Supreme  
Soap from George III to George V.

## BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER

Silk sifted and  
exquisitely perfumed  
with the fragrance  
of freshly gathered  
flowers—  
1/3 & 2/6.



"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

## PAID IN FULL.

(Continued from page 611)

again. Young Peter Jael grew up with his mother's placid, happy-go-lucky disposition, but his father's brain. He made up his mind to be a surgeon—no country practices for him—and he won a scholarship at one of the Universities (luckily for him, and his small allowance), and romped comfortably through three years of work and amusement. He got quite a reputation as a *bon viveur*, and made an enormous number of friends. He went, for one glorious year, to study medicine in Paris: it was his final terrific fling before embarking definitely on the unbroken spade-work of his career.

The night before he went back to England his friends gave a party for him. It began early, and it ended early, and gloriously—the next morning. The studio of a young artist was the scene of the orgy. "A bachelors' party had been planned, but members of the fairer sex were there to give the thing a dash of colour. The room was heavy with smoke, food loaded the table, and a regiment of bottles stood shoulder to shoulder like soldiers on parade. The host was singing in a high falsetto voice, his olive fingers strumming on the fire-tongs. He was a serious young artist who drew studies of anatomy for text-books on the subject. He owned a beautiful female skeleton, the envy of his friends: bones like white coral, as straight as steel rules—all over the *quartier* they came to draw "Suzanne's" bones. Thirty years ago the young man's father had bought Suzanne—an unclaimed, unidentified body of a young girl found drowned—from the Morgue.

The door of her coffin-box was open, and Peter, as drunk as a lord, was on his knees before it praying devoutly and rapidly. He bowed his head to her bony feet—

'Tis the twelfth morrow since he there hath lain;

Yet is his flesh not marred, not maggots vile  
Eat him, which went to riot on the slain.

He'd learnt that once somewhere. . . . He was a heathen worshipping his goddess.

Someone knocked him over on to his stomach as they danced past; he bounced angrily after the twirling legs, barking like a dog.

Everybody danced, everybody sang and capered, and got burned sitting on the top of the stove instead of on a chair. Peter bounced back to his worship; someone threatened to fight him for his goddess. One of the ladies shrieked and began to laugh. . . . Peter got on to his feet and faced his opponent; he blew out his cheeks and threw back his shoulders and over-balanced immediately, thump—right down at Suzanne's feet. . . . And so it went on till the numbers began to dwindle; three or four were asleep under the table, in corners, propped up snoring with their mouths wide open and their chins on their chests.

"I can't go without my Susan," sobbed Peter Jael. "I can't live without my Susan."

The skeleton stood grim and angular, surveying the scene of disorder with eyes that were sightless hollows, and a wide black grin.

The young artist flung his arms round Peter's neck and cried brokenly:

"Take her, she is yours, my dove, my dear." He sat backwards on to the stove for about the twentieth time.

Two burly young men, less drunk than the rest, corded Suzanne in her box and dragged her down the staircase with great solemnity, on tip-toe past the lair of the *concierge*, down the street, the long, black box swinging between them. Peter leant

against the door blowing kisses to his friend and sobbing unrestrainedly. The young artist sat scorching on the stove, playing the banjo on the fire-irons and 'carolling blithely. The place was blue with smoke. He looked like Nero—harping while Rome burned.

Peter stepped up instead of down on the first step of the stairs and descended in a swift, bruising flight.

He never quite knew who packed his clothes or who it was who put him into the train. He had such a nauseating headache, he didn't care.

Pale and haggard, he eyed his piled-up luggage on the platform at Victoria that evening—a trunk, a Gladstone bag, and a long black box—labelled, addressed, and corded. He blinked and looked again—a coffin.

"Nothing to declare."

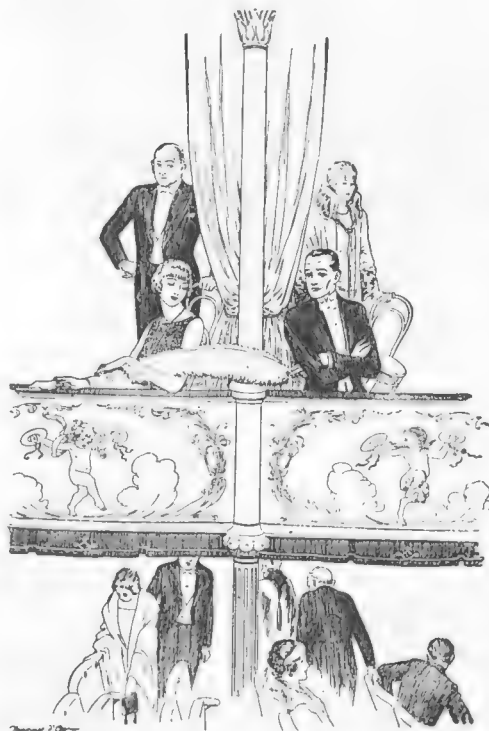
He took Suzanne to his father's house, and when he went to London, left her in the old man's study. She was useful to the book on bones; he gloated over her, and commanded the housekeeper not to dust her: the bones were so brittle after thirty years that she must be touched with careful hands. He cursed the messenger who came to ask if the local First Aid Society might borrow her for a course of lectures.

But the Society, mainly consisting of eager young ladies and porters from the station, was brave and persevering. Dr. Jael consented at last, after extracting a promise from the Society that any damage done to the skeleton should be paid for.

"You can't get a good skeleton under ten pounds, nowadays," he grumbled angrily, fussing round the two young railway porters who had come to fetch Suzanne away on a stretcher. He had said her brittle bones would joggle to pieces if they attempted to

[Continued overleaf.]

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Civil Military & Naval Tailors  
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.  
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



Scent per Scent

## AN ADVERTISEMENT— PURE AND SIMPLE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IF any reader of my advertising dissertations imagines for one moment that I write them out of sheer exuberance of spirit and with no ulterior design, it is due to my aggressive honesty that I should quickly disabuse him of such an unprofitable impression.

Frankly, I loathe writing advertisements. I would far rather dig weeds from a garden or decorate a large dinner party, or even waste my time at some comically vulgar Business Convention. Any one of these three degrees of Hades would, at least, leave my mind at liberty to wander at will free from the chains of the necessity of invention.

But possessing extravagant tastes and pleasantly vicious habits, and being compelled to regard the disgusting importunities of soulless Income Tax Officials, I am obliged to earn a sufficiency of money to enable me to spend a few hours of joyous leisure.

Therefore I write advertisements; not for love, not to air an aphoristic conceit, and certainly not to give a charitable literary entertainment without adequate recompense. They are written purely, if not simply, to persuade the intelligent but sartorially adolescent public—here one arrives at the crude language of truth—that Pope and Bradley make the best clothes in the world. The reason why this statement is seldom emphasised is that the constant reiteration of the obvious becomes irritating, and if my advertisements took the form of a poem on the romance of trousers there would be such a revolution of feeling that no cultured person would wear them.

Any ordinary advertising agent could write an eulogy of a pill. Few people pine for clean minds, but even animals desire clean stomachs. A pill is matter of the moment. There is no call for subtle arguments, or placid cogitation on "to take or not to take." With trousers it is very different; they have been labelled "unmentionables," which probably accounts for my innate delicacy in seldom mentioning them.

Having explained myself—which, by the way, is another originality—I hope it is understood clearly that my main, ulterior, and honestly material desire is that all who read my advertisements should practise economy and artistry by purchasing their clothes at my house. Despite the chaotic condition of trade in Europe, it is the most successful business of its class extant. That is because it is wisely governed by an artistic autocracy. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

**14 OLD BOND STREET W**  
211 & 113 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.  
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

# Exide

## THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

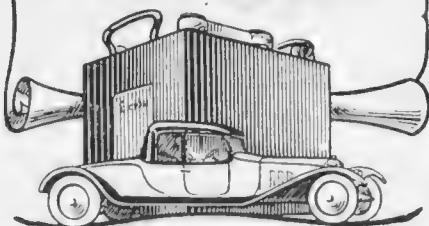
The EXIDE BATTERY that starts and lights your car so perfectly to-day, has taken thirty years of patient research to bring it to its present highly efficient state.

It is not a "mushroom" growth, but the successful termination of a constant endeavour to find the BEST means of storing energy on your car.

If, and when, a better battery is made, it will be an EXIDE.

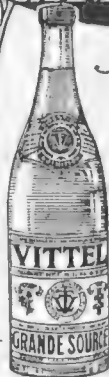
THE **Chloride** ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED

CLIFTON JUNCTION, Near MANCHESTER.  
219/229, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2.



DIURETIC MINERAL WATER

## VITTEL GRANDE SOURCE



The treatment for  
**URIC ACID,  
GOUT, GRAVEL,  
KIDNEY & LIVER  
TROUBLES**

Recommended  
by Physicians

20 MILLION BOTTLES  
SOLD YEARLY.

From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and  
THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD.,  
4, STAFFORD PLACE, W.1.

THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER CO.,  
51, CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.



'Tis royal wine! Makes glad  
Sight, scent and taste.  
Pour, then!  
There glows a spark of fire  
Within its depths.  
A subtle fragrance from it  
Upward steals.  
And in the drinking—  
Know rich promise  
Bounteously fulfilled.

A famous wine of fine character, "Big Tree" Burgundy has a gracious softness of flavour that commends it to the palate well-acquainted with good things. It is full-bodied yet delicate, and is of perfect purity and maturity. For soundness and value it is the safest choice in Burgundy.

## BIG TREE

Gold Medal  
**BURGUNDY**

Order "Big Tree" Wines at Hotels  
and Restaurants or for use at home.  
Their fine quality and perfect purity  
are guaranteed by the Proprietors  
of the brand.

GRIERSON, OLDHAM & Co., LTD.  
25, Haymarket, London. S.W. 1.

## HALL'S DISTEMPER

(REGD TRADE MARK)

*For new or old homes!*

There is no decoration to compare in artistic beauty, or in the practical advantages it offers, with Hall's Distemper.

Hall's Distemper colours stand fast on new plaster walls.

Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wallpaper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

Sole Manufacturers:

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., — HULL and LONDON.



By Appointment  
to H.M. the King.



for cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.  
**Goddard's  
Plate Powder**  
Sold everywhere 6d 1s 2s & 4s

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

If you suffer  
from Asthma,  
Catarrh  
or ordinary  
Colds, you  
will find  
nothing to  
equal



HIMROD'S  
CURE FOR  
ASTHMA  
AT ALL  
CHEMISTS  
4s. 6d. a tin

THE  
LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should  
apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with  
arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.  
Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The  
Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.4

**ANKLE BEAUTÉ**

Ladies suffering  
the embarrassment  
of thick, shapeless  
ankles are invited  
to communicate  
with — Madame  
Montague, (Room SK)  
16, Cambridge St.,  
London, S.W.1.





(Continued.)

carry her in her box. He superintended the move, swearing and mumbling, and watched them go from the door carrying the stretcher with exaggerated care. A blanket was laid over Suzanne to keep the wind from blowing her delicate fingers and toes away. When they had turned the corner of the cobbled street the front porter turned and winked solemnly at the one behind.

Down past the Cat and Fiddle, the sign creaking dimly in the wind, went the stretcher. A party of curious small boys had formed a procession. The street lamps were being lit, and a gale of wind was blowing up the Channel and spraying the foam from the top of the waves rolling against the sea-wall.

The parish room where the lectures were held was on the further side of the harbour, and the full force of the gale hit the procession as it turned out of the sheltering street into the narrow path running along the top of the harbour wall.

"Look out, Bill!" shouted the front porter as the wind and spray beat on his face.

"Whoo-oo!" went the wind; away went the blanket, flapping like a giant bat; away went Suzanne's fingers and toes. They dropped her in their excitement and haste to save her. Poor Suzanne—she lost her head completely: it rolled into the sea.

The last entry in the book of the First Aid Society's expenditure, made with an angry, spluttering pen, was:

"Skeleton—£10."

THE END.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XLI.

### ABOUT TEXT-BOOKS AND EXPERTS.

I SUPPOSE as a fact that the average text-book is not meant to cater for advanced players. The principles and theories laid down are more for the medium player, or perhaps the beginner, and I am far from saying that these principles and theories are unhealthy for that class of player on the whole.

At the same time, I am not at all sure that too much theory is altogether good for the bridge-player in general—even on the supposition that he gets the right hang of it: a condition, let it be said, far removed from certainty. Let us, however, look on the bright side of things, and allow for the moment that he does get the full meaning of what he sees in print.

The point is, does that help him automatically, and in the nature of things, to improve his game and to become a better bridge-player? I am rather inclined to doubt it; although, of course, each and every player must be put wise to the bed-rock principles of how the game is played, and also, no doubt, to a certain number of bed-rock theories of how the game *should* be played; and there may be some half-dozen theories or principles that are really worth while. For all that, I feel that the writer who comes along and substitutes common-sense for theory right through will prove a genuine benefactor to thousands of bridge-players.

The fact of the matter is that the game is too diffuse to be covered by, or even

controlled by, theory: the one and only thing that will keep your player steady is applied common-sense. Every single hand requires its own especial and particular theory to cover it—two theories, indeed: one to bid it, the other to play it—and every hand dealt is different; or, even allowing that so many identical hands do occur, still each one will require its own particular treatment, depending on the bidding and then the play of the other three hands. Add to this the further theory applicable—as per text-book—for the same hands for varying states of the score, both above and below the line: well, you see, theories and principles must be so elastic as to be pretty well useless in actual play; therefore, why bother about the stuff at all?

Common-sense, on the other hand, will cover every situation, and common-sense does not fog the possessor of it (as theory in most cases does); nor does common-sense vary with the score, the bidding, or the play of the other three hands.

So my ideal of a bridge text-book is one with half-a-dozen *jeux de règle*, and the rest a solid mass of common-sense and how to apply it. A little mathematics would also be found in this ideal text-book of mine. Not the mathematics that I have seen in sundry contemporaries of late—I refer to voluminous tables giving the exact chance about holding four aces in your own or any hand, or of finding three trumps in your dummy and the like—all of which is very interesting, no doubt, but not of the smallest value to the practical player.

No, I mean by bridge mathematics a

(Continued overleaf.)

## Miss SLATER

Ltd.

Refinement of  
Detail and  
Graceful lines  
distinguish  
Miss Slater's  
Knitted Frocks.

### Original Frock

In all-wool Bou-  
clette, made from  
best quality yarns,  
finished with bands  
of silk braid and  
buttons to tone.

In stock in many  
new shades.

5½

Guineas.



Write for New Spring Catalogue.  
12, CLIFFORD STREET  
New Bond Street, W.1.  
Telephone—Regent 3311.



### The End of a Nightmare.

You need no longer gaze, horror-stricken, when your mirror reveals that more and more silver threads are showing in your hair every morning. No woman need look old nowadays, since it has become so simple and safe to restore discoloured hair to its natural shade and sheen with the aid of

## L'ORÉAL

### The Only Guaranteed Harmless Colour-Regenerator of the Hair

It can be safely applied at home, and is used successfully by two millions and more.

Write for our illustrated booklet: "Through Legend to Facts."  
Applied and obtainable at all hair-dressers and departmental Stores.

#### ENQUIRY BUREAU AND SHOWROOM

where you can obtain all information and free advice from our experts. Open daily from 2 to 6 p.m.

9, DERING ST., NEW BOND ST., W.1 (Oxford St. end).

Sole British Agents (Wholesale): Debaeq & Harrop, 7, Little Goodge St., Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

# "For Every Occasion"

## At the Dance

She certainly was the most tastefully dressed girl in the room. As her dainty feet tripped lightly over the floor, the added charm bestowed by perfect Hosiery was clearly emphasized. Her judgment, like her dress, was perfect—she knew St. Margaret was acknowledged as the acme of Stocking excellence, and that is why she always wore

## St. Margaret

Stockings — the British-made Hosiery that is as good as Quality Hosiery can be. Next time, ask for St. Margaret No. 5896½ or 73, and judge for yourself.

In Pure Wool, and a range of beautiful shades in Real Silk, Artificial Silk and Lisle

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET 38 with name of nearest retailer, post free, on request to St. Margaret's Works, Leicester

# St. Margaret

FAMED FOR KNITTED GOODS SINCE 1802

## HOSIERY



The Foxglove lends itself with surprising effectiveness when skilfully used, as motif for a fabric pattern. One of Story's newest designs is their WOODLAND CRETONNE at 3/11 per yard—a delightful scheme of Foxgloves and Roses.

To those requiring new  
CURTAINS & LOOSE COVERS  
there can be no more fascinating collection of  
Furnishing Fabrics than that now on view at

# STORY'S

Kensington, W.



Miss Dorothy Dickson

## Seeing is Believing

Until they have seen a necklet of real pearls side by side with one of Ciro Pearls, many people may have doubted whether the claim that the two are absolutely indistinguishable in appearance can be justified. But the test can be made by anyone, and the result is beyond doubt.

## Ciro Pearls

are exact reproductions of the real gems and you can satisfy yourself that what we say is true, without any risk whatever.

If you will send us a Guinea we will post in a registered packet a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long with solid gold clasp in charming case. Keep this for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our new Booklet No. 5 tells all about Ciro Pearls. May we send it to you, post free?

## Ciro Pearls Ltd

178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept. 5  
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1  
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2  
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

Ciro Pearls can only be obtained and Ciro Pearl Service given at our own establishments.

## The most Lasting of Perfumes.

## Parfum "VOLT"



8/6



Everywhere

(Continued.)

simple formula that tells you when you win by losing a hundred or two above the line; when you win by doubling instead of taking game and rubber (this, by the way, is not a winning game once in a thousand times); when you win by allowing the adversary to play the hand, although thereby you lose 64, 72, or even 100 by honours, as the case may be. I number among my bridge acquaintances a certain player (I think I have mentioned this here before) who really and truly thinks it a business proposition to lose a couple of hundred above for the sake of scoring 64 honours to his own side (and, incidentally, I have no doubt for the sake of playing the hand as well). Now this is distinctly a player who needs a few lessons in simple bridge arithmetic and common-sense.

Many people think that when I propound these quaint ideas of mine about bridge I am not serious. But I am, indeed, entirely serious in what I say; and, further, I apply these said quaint theorems of mine in actual play, thus backing them for good ready money, which is the greatest test of sincerity. As, for instance, I laughed the "double one no-trump" convention to scorn, and was well laughed at for my pains in return. I was told that all America employed that convention, and that it was possible that all Americans were not fool players; and I was told that all high-class English players used the convention, and that they, possibly, knew something about the game. Still I laughed, and offered to make a match between self and partner, each pledged never to double the call of one no-trump, against

any two players each pledged to double as occasion demanded. I only hoped that these two had plenty of money and good boots, for assuredly they would have neither when self and partner had done with them; but, unfortunately, the challenge was not taken up. Now where is the "double-one-no-trump" convention? No one in America plays it, and I don't think that any English player of any class uses it either.

Then there used to be a convention for discarding. Here, of course, the authorities differed slightly. At least, one lot said a discard should be made from strength, and the other from weakness; which was a little confusing for the student. I said—and have never varied from the statement—that no rules for the discard, of all parts of the game, could be laid down. The discard must depend entirely on dummy's and your own holding; which is another way of saying that common-sense must decide, according to each and every situation. Now you never hear a word about the discard, as to whether it should be from strength or weakness; or even from *fright*, which was what Mr. Punch's historic curate discarded from.

Only last week I had a letter from a reader, who said he intended putting one of my funny notions into practice—it was one dealing with minor suit declarations. He suggested that if it didn't work, I should pay his losses. I said I would willingly do that if he would credit me with the gains; so now I look forward to receiving a nice little weekly or monthly cheque.

## BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 16.

This problem received possibly more criticism than it was worth when it first appeared. It was said: "The tactical lesson Major Browning sought to teach was useless, as no such situation could arise in actual play." This was when it was given as a seven-card problem. Later, however, the hand was lifted *in toto*, and published as a thirteen-card problem, which, although no acknowledgment was vouchsafed, showed how mistaken the first criticism was.

SPADES—K, 10, 9, 7.  
HEARTS—10\*, 4\*.  
CLUBS—10, 5, 4, 3  
DIAMONDS—K\*, 4\*, 2\*.

B

SPADES—6, 5, 4, 3.  
HEARTS—A, K\*, Q\*, 9.  
CLUBS—6.  
DIAMONDS—10, 8\*, 7\*, 3\*.

SPADES—Q, 8, 2.  
HEARTS—6\*, 5\*.  
CLUBS—K, 9, 8, 7, 2.  
DIAMONDS—A\*, Q\*, 5\*.

A

SPADES—A, K, 10.  
HEARTS—K, 8, 7, 3\*, 2\*.  
CLUBS—A, K, Q.  
DIAMONDS—K, 9\*, 6\*.

Score, love all. A dealt and declared one no-trump. All pass.

Y played out king, queen of hearts; then, at thrick three, a small diamond. Z won with the queen, went on with the ace and the 5, putting the lead into B's hand. YZ have now won four tricks; AB one trick. The point is: Can A fulfil his contract?

The cards already played are marked with an asterisk.

## VAUXHALL

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FOR earliest delivery of Vauxhall Cars, and for genuine SERVICE after purchase, go to the official Wholesale and Retail Agents for London & District: Shaw & Kilburn.

14/40 H.P.		23/60 H.P.	
Princetown four-seater ...	£595	Kingston five-seater ...	£895
Melton two-seater ...	£595	Arundel all-weather ...	£1,145
Welbeck all-weather ...	£745	Carlton Saloon ...	£1,270
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30/98 H.P. Velox 4 str. Sports, £1,220

Call or write for Catalogue

# Shaw & Kilburn

LIMITED.

20, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Service Station: 112-114, WARDOUR STREET.



**Hot**  
**lemonade**  
*before you retire*  
**for**  
*coughs & colds.*

## KIA-ORA

### LEMON SQUASH

All the rich, fresh juice of lemons and pure cane sugar.

Fruit juice contains valuable natural salts and acids that assist in throwing off a chill. Take Kia-Ora Lemon Squash (*real lemon juice*) regularly as a night-cap and strengthen your system against coughs, colds and influenza.

Kia-Ora is a delightful drink, easily and quickly made. Everybody enjoys it. If you like something stronger—add a nip of whisky.

Sold everywhere in Great Britain at 6d. per small bottle, 1/4 per half bottle, 2/4 per large bottle.

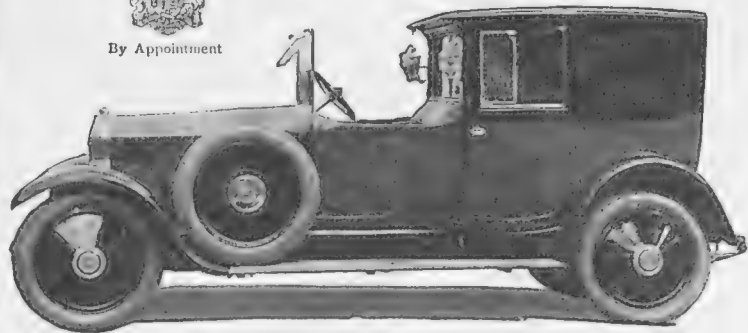
KIA-ORA, LTD., Blackfriars, London, S.E.  
Largest buyers of lemons in Great Britain.

NO NEED TO  
BUY LEMONS  
KEEP KIA-ORA  
IN THE HOUSE





By Appointment



## Coachbuilding

English coach-work was already famous the world over as far back as the 18th century—none more deservedly than that of Thrupp & Maberly. This firm—its traditions of quality coach-craft enhanced by 160 years of experience—stands to-day in the front rank of motor body builders. Call at the show-rooms, or write for particulars.

# Thrupp & Maberly

LIMITED

COACHBUILDERS & MOTOR AGENTS  
20, North Audley St., London, W.1.  
Telephone: Mayfair 7063-4

## The Secret of Commercial Success

WHY is it that some men make a success in the business world whilst others who have apparently the same opportunities never get there?

To a large extent it is because the latter do not know how to "dress the window." This Americanism is the secret.

Clothes often secure an entrée.

### D. S. MORRIS

of 28, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

by choosing the most exclusive designs in cloth, and imbuing every garment with style, produces the effect of refined forcefulness. The result is that his client looks the part; he acts the part; he begets confidence.

Hence he succeeds.

LOUNGE SUITS from 9 GNS.

The "Corstay" Figure Belt (Registered). Recommended by the Medical Profession. Prevents rheumatism, lumbago, and kindred ailments. Reduces the figure. Worn by Naval and Military men all over the world. Price 25/-



D. S. MORRIS, 28, Sackville St., London, W.1. Telephone: 728 Regent. Established 30 years.



Miss H. Cottle, of Wallasey, on her Raleigh, referred to below:—

"One of The Motor Cycle representatives organised a run to Screw Hill, Carnarvon. The hill is very steep, with gradient of 1 in 3, and has 5 exceptionally severe hairpins. The Raleigh secured the ONLY absolutely clean climb, all the other machines being assisted in various degrees."

# RALEIGH

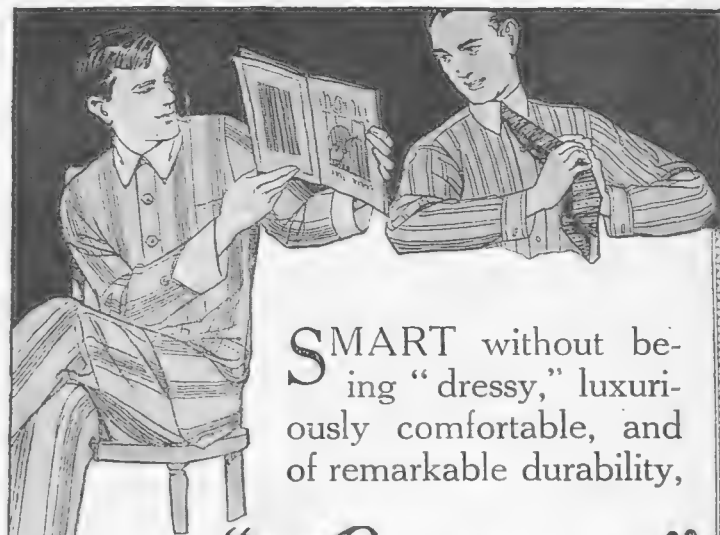
## THE GOLD MEDAL MOTOR-CYCLE

"Takes Everything in its Stride."

SOLOS from £47 COMBS from £71

with Dunlop tyres, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, kick-starter and the best of everything Send for catalogue.

The Raleigh Cycle Co., Ltd., Nottingham.



SMART without being "dressy," luxuriously comfortable, and of remarkable durability,

# "Luvisca"

(REGISTERED)

## SHIRTS PYJAMAS AND SOFT COLLARS

have all the qualities critical men demand.

LOOK FOR  
THE  
"LUVISCA"  
TAB ON  
EVERY  
GARMENT.  
NONE  
GENUINE  
WITHOUT.

If any difficulty in obtaining "Luvisca" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars, write to COURT-AULDS, LTD. (Dept. 5M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklets.

## THE WEMBLEY EXHIBITION.

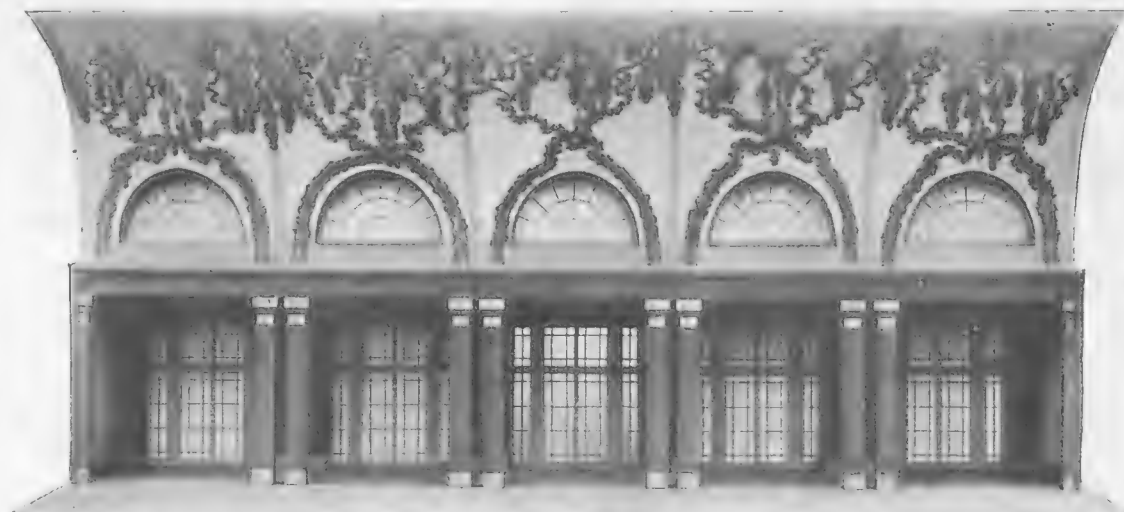
THE coming Exhibition at Wembley is the great interest of the moment; and everyone is looking forward to seeing its many wonders in the near future. But even the most hardened traveller needs refreshment on such a tour, which includes all our scattered Colonies; and it is pleasant news indeed to hear that J. Lyons and Co. are opening a super-restaurant at Wembley, which they are christening "Lucullus."

### The "Lucullus" Restaurant.

Even apart from its main purpose, the "Lucullus" Restaurant (which is pictured on this page) is well worthy of a visit of inspection, if only for the sake of its novel scheme of decoration, designed by Captain O. P. Bernard. The very name "Lucullus" suggests a luscious environment; and what can be more appropriate to the title than a scheme in which huge bunches of grapes predominate? The barrel roof of the restaurant is treated as a vaulting from which hang not only clusters of beautifully painted grapes, but also innumerable bulbs in similar form

and colour, which diffuse a soft golden and rosy light. The bunches of grapes and electric clusters are decoratively coloured in pale yellow, blended into rose. The colonnade is comprised of columns treated in turquoise, embellished with copper bronze. The wall panels are brilliant scarlet, on

proofed garments. A "Cravenette" proofed coat is not only shower-proof, but is hygienic and perfectly ventilated. Readers should take this opportunity of applying to the "Cravenette" Company, 128, Cheapside, E.C., who will be pleased to furnish them with full particulars,



The wonderful "Lucullus" Restaurant to be opened at the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley, by J. Lyons and Co. Huge clusters of beautifully painted grapes decorate the façade, while the colonnade is treated in turquoise, embellished with copper bronze.

which are embossed birds in gold and every brilliant hue.

At this time of year the need of a reliable raincoat as a protection against sudden showers becomes acute, and consequently it is as well to study the manifold advantages of the "Cravenette"

petition; Tuesday, Iron Competition; Wednesday, Mashie Competition; Thursday, Driving Competition; and Friday, Iron Competition. Two of the professionals will judge each competition, and a prize to the value of £3 will be awarded to the winner in each. Harry Vardon will give two lectures daily—at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

From March, 31 to April 4 will be Golf Week at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. Among the professionals in attendance will be: James Braid, Alex. Herd, Edward Ray, George Duncan, Fred. Robson, Harry Vardon, George Gadd, James Sherlock, J.H. Taylor, and Abe Mitchell. There will be six full-size practice nets, and a putting green. A special attraction for women is a series of competitions daily, from 11 a.m. to 12 a.m. as follows: Monday, Driving Com-

## You can have Beautiful Healthy Hair



by using Rexall '93' Hair Tonic regularly. This wonderful preparation keeps the head free from Scurf or Dandruff and preserves the original life and lustre of the Hair. Any "Rexall" Chemist will gladly show you the formula on request. Widely recommended for all troubles of the hair and scalp. Sold by the Rexall Pharmacy...

## Rexall TRADE MARK HAIR TONIC

for Soft, glossy and luxuriant hair.

Write for booklet "The Care of the Hair" and the address of the nearest "Rexall" Chemist, or send P.O. for 2/6 size direct to United Drug Company, Ltd., Nottingham.

Obtainable in two sizes from Rexall Chemists only

2/6  
AND  
4/6



C.F.H.

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED

*Not Electrolysis*  
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By an Entirely New Method the Wonderful Solray Treatment Painlessly and Permanently Destroys any Hair Growth Without Leaving the Slightest Trace. THE SOLRAY CO. (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover St., Regent St., W. (Consultations Free)

*Of interest to every woman*



One correspondent writes:—"I have tried nearly every well-known make of creams, powders, etc., but have never been nearly so satisfied as with Velouté de Dixor."

Obtainable from all better class Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores. Full size jar 2/9. Tube for bag, 6d. - FREE.—Three trial size tubes sent upon receipt of 6d. P.O. or stamps to cover cost of mailing.

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*The Craze of the Moment*  
**SILK SHOULDER SCARVES**  
 for wearing with Tailored Suits, Gowns, etc.



**RICH SILK PRINTED CRÊPE-DE-CHINE SHOULDER SQUARE** in beautifully blended artistic colourings in ombré effects. Size 39 inches square.

Price **3½ Gns.**

**FASHIONABLE PRINTED SILK CRÊPE SHOULDER SQUARE**, heavy quality, in a large range of exclusive designs and dainty colourings.

Price **29/6**

**PURE SILK SHOULDER SQUARE** in new Paisley designs on self-coloured grounds in a variety of bright artistic colourings. Size 36 inches square.

Price **25/6**

*Sent on approval.*

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore St. (Cavendish Square) London, W.1

**MUSHROOM HAT** (MI 714), of fine lace Tagel, trimmed with narrow band and bow to match. Available in cherry, lilac, cinnamon, nut brown, fawn, biscuit, brick, shrimp, almond, jade, saxe, emerald, citron, navy; also black. Just the thing for tennis and river wear **21/9**



## Spring Millinery

Early Spring finds Harrods Millinery Salon bright with new styles for sunnier days. Of particular interest is the display of simple, inexpensive designs in coarse and fine straws of really excellent quality, daintily trimmed with rich Silk, Satins and Marocains.

# Harrods

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

## Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

**SPECIAL DISPLAY FOR ONE WEEK**  
 OF

**DURO FADELESS FABRICS**

These wonderful washing materials are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. Garments replaced if colour fades.

**Duro Nursery Gingham.**

For Kiddies and Grown-ups, in smart stripes and checks. 36 inches wide.

Price per yard **1/11½**

**Duro Super-Gingham.**

A splendid fabric for children's crawlers, maids' dresses, etc., etc. 40 inches wide.

Price per yard **2/11½**

**Duro Zephyr.**

Fancy checks with plain shades to match. 40 inches wide.

Price per yard **2/11½**

**Duro Pique.**

Range of fancy stripes for Tennis Frocks, etc. 40 inches wide.

Price per yard **3/11**

**Duro Cambric.**

Plain shades and fine range of smart stripes, latest colourings. 40 inches wide.

Price per yard **2/11½**

**Duro Dress Poplin.**

The new Duro production for smart Tennis Frocks, etc., in bold stripes. 40 inches wide.

Price per yard **3/11**

*Complete range of patterns sent free on request.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

## SERVICEABLE KNITTED WEAR FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



*Sent on approval.*

Dainty Suit for little boys. Made in silk and wool mixture yarn, with silk binding, waistband, and buttons.

Colours: White / sky, fawn / almond, fawn / champagne, saxe / self, white / self. Sizes 1 and 2. Suitable for ages 1½ to 3 years.

Price size 1 **27/6**  
 Size 2 30/-

Child's Woollen Cardigan Coat in soft cashmere mixture yarn of good quality. Useful shape for the Schoolroom.

Colours: Saxe, sky, champagne, tan, almond, rose, putty, grey. Sizes: Suitable for 5 years to 16 years.

Price **23/6** to 30/-

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1



## CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"MY great trouble," The Broker admitted ruefully, "is that, in spite of all my very best intentions, I do not keep my eye on the ball. It sounds such a simple thing to do, and yet do it I cannot."

"Then keep your eye on Oil," quoted The Merchant, raising the easy laugh. "By the flaring advertisements one receives, you ought to be able to make a fortune as easily as winking."

"I suppose there must be some people who send money for this oil-plot business; but—well, it doesn't appeal to me."

"Nor to me," answered The Engineer. "My wife received one of the circulars, though, and she actually asked me if it was worth going in for."

"Several of my lady clients have sent me the papers," observed The Broker. "From which it might appear that the womenfolk are considered fair game. I can hardly imagine a business man running the risks that this particular form of gambling entails."

"It's better to buy General Petroleum of Trinidad shares. I believe you will get a sporting chance with them."

"I should underline the word 'sporting,'" said The City Editor. "It's a risk of course, but some people tell me it's a fair one."

"The question is whether it pays to run risks," The Engineer doubted. "Maybe the man who buys War stock, and refuses to be led into speculation of any sort, will come out on top in the long run."

"Man's got to take a few chances in this life, else how shall the Stock Exchange live?" demanded The Jobber. "For bread-and-butter business, the investor is all right. For jam and golf-balls, we must look to the speculative orders."

"My partiality is for Preference," The

City Editor maintained. "I've a little list here"—he dived into his pocket—"which gives a selection of what I mean."

The Jobber openly yawned, but The City Editor declined to be put off his game.

"Tell us one or two," suggested The Merchant cautiously.

"Well, Harrods  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Preference and Peek Frean Eights pay 6 per cent. on the money; Debenham  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cents; and Peter Robinson Sevens give you £5 18s. per cent.—so do Buchanan Dewar Sixes; Lyons Sevens yield £5 13s. per cent.—all thoroughly sound, it seems to me."

"Savoy Hotel 7 per cents. pay about  $6\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and Strand Palace Hotel Sevens £5 18s. per cent.," added The Merchant.

"Are all of these shares Preference?" asked The Jobber.

The Broker nodded. "And I don't mind saying," which he did magnanimously, "that our friends have managed to collect a very decent lot between them."

The City Editor bowed. "We must have that advertisement framed," he told The Merchant.

"Don't trouble," laughed the latter. "Perhaps it will appear in *The Sketch*, and thereby endow us with undying fame."

"I never write for the paper," was the indignant protest; "though I should very much like to know who—"

"Call the guard and charge him with it on the spot."

"He will probably deny it, and tell you to buy Southern Railway 'A' stock, to pay  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the money."

"I doubt if his Union rules would allow him to give tips, although the prohibition mightn't forbid his taking them."

"People won't buy Home Rails," declared The Broker.

"Any more than they will buy Tin shares," The Jobber rounded off.

"No; and isn't that funny?" exclaimed The Engineer. "Tin has come up from £185 in January 1923, and from £237 since the beginning of this year, and yet there's nothing of what you can call excitement in any of the Tin Markets."

"As with Home Rails, so with Tin," explained The Broker. "The public are afraid of both—for different reasons, of course; but afraid, all the same."

"The Cornish companies will do well," prophesied The Engineer. "I don't think one could well lose money out of East Pool Preference or South Crofty. There should be a shilling or two profit in both of them at to-day's prices, even after this last fall in tin."

"Why don't Keffis go better?" asked The Merchant; and "Yes; why don't they?" said The City Editor. "Five bob shares at a bit under a couple of shillings; company doing decently well, and not a halfpenny rise in them once in a month. What's the nigger?"

"The principal one is the big capital," answered The Jobber. "With three million shares knocking about, it takes a lot of support to help the price, and we've just been saying that people refuse to be attracted by Tin shares."

"Someone told me that there have been fairly large lines of Keffi shares overhanging the market for some time past," repeated The Merchant. "Is that right, do you happen to have heard?"

"There may be something in it," replied The Broker, who didn't know. "As a low-priced gamble, they ought to be worth having."

"It's the stagnation of Kaffirs that gives me the blues," moaned The Jobber.

"Oxford or—"

(One of those sentences that were never finished.) Friday, March 21, 1924.



## REPUDIATION

SHELL-MEX, LTD.  
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

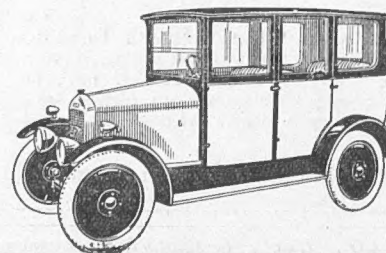
## Own a SINGER and be satisfied

### A Story of Satisfaction from THE BUSINESS MAN.

"UPON my soul, when I think of the time and money I've wasted for years in trying to catch trains and hiring taxis, I cannot understand why it didn't occur to me before to cut adrift from all that waste and annoyance and get a car. Since I've had a SINGER I've gone about my business in my own time and pleasure. No wet weather dismays me, no time tables deter me. I've doubled my capacity for work, arrive clean and contented—and at no extra cost. This SINGER Weymann Saloon only cost me £275, it's the most astounding value in motor-cars to-day. Just fancy a Saloon car at that price! It's a beautiful job, too—like a little Rolls inside. No wonder there's a waiting list for deliveries. But it's worth waiting for! Quite apart from business reasons, it's a great acquisition; takes five of us to the theatre or dance in perfect comfort, and for golf or a week-end run it's equally useful. As to running costs, 40 m.p.g. works out cheaper than trains or taxis."

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.  
London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.  
London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Rd., Holloway, N.

The Story of the Singer is always a Story of Satisfaction.



# THE "BAL-LON-ETTE"

TRADE MARK

## THE PREMIER LOW-PRESSURE CORD TYRE

MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.



### USERS' OPINIONS.

The Grinshill Stone Quarries  
Co., Ltd.,  
Grinshill, Nr. Shrewsbury.

Dear Sir, 21/2/24.  
"I have fitted the "Bal-lon-ette" tyres to my Rover 8-h.p. car and have since driven it several hundred miles. I find the extra comfort given is wonderful. I drove it last Sunday along the road between Chester and Birkenhead (an atrocious surface) at thirty miles per hour; previously I have had to slow down to 10 miles per hour. and the passenger in the rear seat (the car has a chummy body) said he experienced no jolt at all. I think this speaks for itself.

I found the tyres, with the steel-spoked wheels, much lighter than the disc wheels and tyres which they displaced, and this may be the reason that the low-pressure tyres have not slowed the car at all uphill, which I certainly expected them to do.

Steering I do not find affected at all, even at slow speeds. The "Bal-lon-ette" tyres give a feeling of solidity to the car which is a great asset to a light car such as my Rover 8.

As to appearance, everyone remarks what a handsome appearance they have given the car. I am very pleased with them and shall certainly recommend them wherever I can.

I have sent a letter about them to the Editor of *The Autocar*, and am sending him a photo in a few days.

Trusting this letter will be of service to you.

I am, yours faithfully,  
RICHARD SMITH."

AFTER 5000 MILES.

1/3/24.

Dear Sirs,

"I am pleased to inform you that I feel nothing but satisfaction for your tyres.

I have now completed about 5,000 miles on all kinds of road service and in all conditions of weather, and the tyres are now singularly free from cuts and show no signs of wear whatever. The springing of the car is greatly improved, the minute vibrations being absolutely eliminated and all violent shocks very greatly subdued.

In wet weather the car now shows practically no tendency to skid, and the braking greatly improved.

My car is an 11-9-h.p. Morris-Cowley and I have no hesitation in saying that your "Bal-lon-ette" tyres were the only addition needed to make this otherwise excellent car practically perfect.

Yours truly, —."

The Old Rectory,  
Presteign,  
Radnorshire.

Sir, 21/2/24.  
"I am writing this to say how pleased I am with the pair of "Bal-lon-ette" tyres which I have on my Talbot-Darracq 12/32-h.p. 1923 car. There is no doubt about the extra comfort; it is very marked indeed. I find my average road speed is much better owing to the smooth way in which the car now goes over bad parts, in fact all the roads are good now. I do not notice any reduction in mileage per gallon, so if there is any it must be small. They hold a muddy road better than the smaller tyres; up to now, I have not felt any inclination to skid and have tried them in places where I fully expected them to do so. They appear to be wearing well, but it is early to remark upon this quality as I have only done about 500 miles since fitting them. No doubt I should have them on my front wheels as well for perfection, and hope to later on. There are no comfort tyres in this district, and many motorists are waiting to see how mine turn out. I am sure before long I shall see many on the road. They only want a trial, and unless I am much mistaken I shall never go back to the 815x105. I find the 25 lbs. pressure suits my car.

Yours truly,  
G. F. GREEN, Lt.-Col."

### ADVANTAGES.

#### NO SKIDDING.

THEY MAKE A ROUGH ROAD  
FEEL LIKE A RACING TRACK.

YOU CAN DRIVE AT 40 MILES  
PER HOUR OVER ANY SURFACE  
WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

### SPECIAL OFFER!

We undertake to supply you with a set of four 715x115 tyres, including wheels, sent to you pumped up to the right pressure ready to put on. Price with steel pressed spoke type £20 1s. 0d., or fitted on disc wheels for £18 6s. 0d. If you prefer to go back to your old wheels and tyres, we will return you 75 per cent. of the purchase price so long as the wheels and tyres are returned to us within a month, having had fair wear and tear, that is to say, that they have not been damaged by an accident.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LTD.,  
ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN.

LONDON: 172, Great Portland Street, W. BRISTOL: 100, Victoria Street. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 38, Grey Street.



# If it's for the Garden

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